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## THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S SPEECH.

THE King of Prussia might well address his Parliament in a tone of pride and exultation. The policy pursued by himself and Count Bismarck has been crowned by a success which must have realized, if it has not exceeded, their most sanguine hopes. From being the weakest, Prussia has become, or bids fair to become, the strongest of the great Continental Powers. Her ancient and hated rival has been humbled in a campaign as brilliant as it was brief. Not merely conquered, but cut off from political connection with Germany, Austria has left the long-coveted field in undisputed possession of the victor. The ascendancy of Prussia in the Fatherland is henceforth established, and with that ascendancy comes German unity. The fear of foreign interference and foreign dictation is at an end, and the great Teutonic race sees itself at last in the position to which it is entitled both by its numbers and its high qualities. These are indeed great results, and we do not wonder that the monarch under whom they have been achieved should see in them a special interposition of Providence on behalf of Prussia. It is equally natural that he should dwell in language of well-deserved acknowledgment upon the bravery of his troops, and upon the enthusiasm with which, so soon as the war had fairly commenced, the nation flung itself into the combat. To the King it is no doubt a subject of hearty satisfaction that he is once more on good terms with his people. The warm welcome which he received last Sunday, was in striking contrast to the averted glances and the gloomy silence which met him when he last opened the chambers. Although Count Bismarck may despise popularity, his master assuredly does not; and we may therefore credit the latter with perfect sincerity when he expresses a hope that recent events will bring about a reconciliation between his Government and the people. At the same time we cannot admit that his address was altogether of a kind "to give satisfaction to the friends of constitutional freedom." Its language is after all of the vaguest character. There is no explanation of the policy which he intends to pursue in regard to the conquered States, or to the organization of Germany. He does not even give the Chambers any information as to what he has already done. There is not the slightest allusion to his relations with foreign sovereigns. This stringent reserve certainly seems to indicate that he still adheres to his old principle that high matters of State lie outside the jurisdiction of his Parliament. It is true the King admits that he has carried on the Government illegally for the last few years; that he acknowledges the right of the Chambers to vote the budget; and that he condescends to ask an act of indemnity at their hands. But there is no expression of regret for the past, nor any promise of amendment for the future. He speaks of his violation of the Constitution as an unavoidable necessity rather than as an act requiring defence, if not deserving censure. Indeed, he distinctly implies that the Sovereign is supreme in the last resort, and that it rests with him to decide when the errors of the representatives of the people, in "questions vital to the existence of the State," require the practical suspension of the Constitution. His request for an indemnity is a request only in form. He assumes that it will be granted as a matter of course, and allows it to be seen pretty clearly that he cares but little

whether it is or not. He is magnanimously ready to forget past differences, but then it must be understood that the blame of these lay, not with him, but with the Deputies who would not see the wisdom of his policy, and had the bad taste to resist the unconstitutional measures by which he carried it out. In fact, so far as the King is concerned, it is evident that the reconciliation to which he looks forward is one based on the subserviency of the Parliament to the royal wishes. He is, as he always was, for the Constitution—so long as he may have his own way under it. But although we do not believe that he has any more idea now than at any former time of ceasing to govern and being content to reign, we have little doubt that circumstances will be too strong for him. In order to unite Germany under his sceptre he must make his rule acceptable. He has over-run, and he will probably annex, half-a-dozen States. The population of these are quite ready to become Prussians on condition that they enjoy the advantage of free institutions. But they have and can have no personal loyalty to their new sovereign. The tie between them must be purely one of interest. Whether the King does or does not perceive this, Von Bismarck can hardly be so deficient in political perspicacity as to overlook it. Nor is that all. Besides the States which she may annex, Prussia will stand to others in a Federal relation. It is scarcely prudent to pretend for the moment that there is any idea of embracing the territory south of the Maine in the Confederation of which she will be the head. No one, however, believes that this is more than a pretence. The process of unification once commenced must go on until it has embraced the whole of Germany, and the whole of Germany can only be held together by a Federal Parliament which shall really represent the people, and thus effectually counteract the disintegrating influence of the princes. That, of course, will react powerfully upon the internal Government of each State, and upon that of Prussia amongst the rest. In order to be at the head of Germany, King William must cease to be the absolute ruler of Prussia.

If we were dealing with anything but a Royal speech we should be tempted to comment on the singular account which King William gives of the origin of the late war. But there are certain documents in which no one expects more than a moderate amount of truth, and in which every one is prepared for an immoderate amount of hypocrisy. It is therefore unnecessary to say more than that, according to the official version, Prussia was driven, and did not—as most people believe—plunge into the late war. No lust of territory—no greedy longing for the Elbe Duchies, nor any covert wish for so much of Hanover and Brunswick as would connect the Rhenish provinces with the bulk of the monarchy—had any influence over her. All she thought of was "averting from our frontiers the danger of attack," and "struggling for the independence of the Fatherland!" It might, perhaps, have been as well—it could not fail to have been amusing—if the Royal speaker had told us at the same time who was menacing his frontiers, and who was threatening the Fatherland. That, however, is not the only omission in the address. It is singular, to say the least of it, that there is no mention of the share which Italy had in the late war. There is, indeed, a reference to the "few but faithful allies," but that evidently applies to the small German States, who adhered to the Prussian side. Italy cannot be included in this casual and general sort of phrase,



—for although the King might ignore, he would scarcely insult a State which, in spite of many shortcomings, at least found occupation for some 200,000 Austrian troops. It has been suggested that the King's silence on this rather important point was due to his wish to keep out of sight, as much as possible, the fact that he had leagued with a non-German against a German Power. Considering, however, that Austria has just been expelled from the German political system, on the express ground that she forms no proper part of it, we scarcely think that there is much in the hypothesis. The real explanation we take to be, that the Prusso-Italian alliance is virtually at an end. Italy has served Count Bismarck's turn—not, indeed, so well as was expected, but still well enough—and she is now no longer wanted. Looking, indeed, to the treaty which was entered into before the commencement of the war, we quite admit that Prussia is not bound to support her in demanding more than Venetia. That was the condition mentioned in the bond, and undoubtedly Italy is in no position to claim more than its exact fulfilment. But it will be a lasting disgrace to Prussia if she does not see that Italy gets this—and gets it, too, free from the imposition of onerous terms by Austria, or from exaction on the part of France. And notwithstanding the defeats of Custozza and Lissa, there is something exceedingly ungenerous in concealing the fact that Sadowa might have gone the other way, had the Archduke Albrecht been on the field at the head of his troops. Generosity and gratitude are, however, two virtues which no one has ever thought of imputing to the house of Hohenzollern.

The reticence which the King displays with regard to the territorial re-arrangement of Germany is, no doubt, due to his dislike of parliamentary interference. But we cannot help suspecting that it is also partly due to another cause. It is not only to his own subjects, but also to foreign Powers, that his Majesty thus intimates that the whole affair is a mere domestic concern, which he intends to regulate as head of the family. We are not surprised that the irritable vanity of the French is wounded by the absence of all mention of the great part which their Emperor is believed to have played in recent events. But we have no doubt that their explanation of the circumstance is perfectly correct. Whatever may have passed between Count Bismarck and Louis Napoleon in those memorable interviews of which we have heard so much, and of which we know so little, it is clear that any compact between them is at an end. That there was one we have little or no doubt, because the whole conduct of the Prussian Minister showed that he was perfectly free from apprehension on the part of France. Of course, if this was a bargain, there must have been a price to pay in certain eventualities. But we fear, or rather we rejoice, that the Imperial tenant of the Tuileries is not likely to make much by his connivance of that disturbance of the peace of Europe which began with the dismemberment of Denmark, and has ended for the present with the creation of a German State not less powerful than France. Prussia neither can nor will part with an inch of German soil. The silence of the King as to the distribution of the numerous bits of territory which are now lying vacant, is a significant hint to the world in general, and to some people in particular, that this matter is no business of theirs.

#### A ROYAL PRINCE IN IRELAND.

IN Mr. Osborne's speech on the further suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, he drew attention to what we believe to be a fact beyond any question. The grievances of our neighbours arise from social, as well as from political causes, and in dealing with them we are bound to consider not only those remedies of statecraft which are founded on purely administrative principles, but also those apparently simpler prescriptions which are suggested by the domestic relations of a country. In Dublin "the Castle" plays an important part. Whatever may be the use of the institution as an instrument of power, decidedly it could be made of service as an instrument of popularity. The Irish are fond of shows, and we should be tardy in depriving them of a standing pageant, which satisfies their inherent admiration for display. It is something after all to have even one establishment of ours regarded with favour. Outside the barristers and other office-mongers who infest the levees of the Lord-Lieutenant, the loyal inhabitants of Ireland regard "the Castle" with a kind of affection which might be turned to excellent account. This liking is strong enough to survive the unusual vicissitudes to which it is subjected. It appears to be more or less independent of the personal qualities of the Viceroy, inasmuch as each governor

is accepted with an enthusiasm remarkable for its utter absence of doubt, and indeed of reason. Of course, after a while, there are a few signs of discrimination, but invariably an Irish Lord-Lieutenant receives a warm welcome into office without the slightest reference to his previous career. There is, however, a drawback to this picture, and a serious one. The custom of changing the Viceroy with each transfer of Government is inimical to a substantial respect for the dignity. We mean by substantial respect that sort of feeling which has no connection with the sentiment of toadyism, of interest, or of senseless reverence, and which neither exhibits itself at the Castle, for the purpose of airing a little snobbishness in pumps, or with an eye to a colonial judgeship, nor weeps as ladies have been seen to do in the Dublin Theatre at the affecting sight of his Excellency seated in a stage box. Apart from the absurdity of removing a governor just at a time when his experience is about to fructify, and looking at the matter in this social light, it is assuredly deserving of attention. Mr. Osborne quoted ex-Chancellor Napier as voting for the abolition of the vice-regal office; but when Mr. Napier expressed that opinion, a Whig Lord-Lieutenant was in power, and if his vote was now taken on the subject, we have no hesitation in saying it would be given the other way. But Mr. Osborne supplies us with the best practical proof that he himself is aware of the necessity for retaining this institution, and he also supplies us with a notion which, if carried into effect, would render it a positive and undiluted benefit. His words seem to us to carry truth in them, and are evidently based on knowledge at first hand. He says, "if you wish the Irish people to be loyal—loyalty with them is not an abstraction, it is personal—it is absolutely necessary that you should substitute for a viceroy a royal prince, or a royal residence, in Ireland." It is evident from this that Mr. Osborne does not mean an extinction of the lord-lieutenancy, but such an improvement in it as would provide for that devotion which, as he elsewhere remarked, caused the Irish people to "shed their blood for the worst member of the house of Stuart, and welcome not the most respectable of the house of Guelph." What if another member of the house of Guelph, unstained by disrepute, and already a favourite on the score of manliness and good-nature, took in hand the work of redeeming a faltering nation to allegiance, and to prosperity? This is not the first time we published such a proposal, and we now repeat it, strengthened by the facts which were elicited in the course of last week's debate. The Prince of Wales, if report speaks correctly, is tired of those merely ceremonious duties in which he is called upon to take part. It is not a secret that he feels occasionally bored by them, and even to a prince in such a frame of mind an active task of some sort would be a relief. Nor would a residence in Ireland be one of all toil and trouble. Not a few of those attractions which naturally engage the young Prince exist in that country. His presence there, and that of the Princess, would bring back the absentee land proprietors and the aristocracy who at present shun Dublin as a second-rate or a third-rate capital, and would restore to that city at least a degree of the traditional glory which was said to exist before the Union. He might at a stroke, by an act, remove those detestable squabbles of a religious character which penetrate to the core of Irish society, and stamp it with a fatal and most provincial vulgarity. To effect this, scarce any more exertion than the exertion of living for a season in the country would be requisite. As we before explained, the position is popular, and if the ladies were to burst into tears of pleasure at his Royal Highness turning his opera glass to the *parterre* of the Dublin Theatre, the emotion would become sanctified by its loyalty, and at least a remove nearer to masculine comprehension than the gush of admiration which rained on the presence of a lord-lieutenant. Seriously, the project of the Prince solving the Irish difficulty is an experiment worth a trial. It may be a sacrifice on the part of his Royal Highness, but in the nature of things he must be one day called upon to make still greater sacrifices of his inclinations. To rule England is a splendid, but no easy fate. As the world goes, and as history is now being made, if there is one lesson more than another plain on the face of it, it is that kings must prepare to be kings, and that the time has passed when a monarch could delegate everything but his pleasures to a Minister. To a prince whose natural qualities have won already the hearts of his subjects, we conceive it would be a graceful office to disentangle the most vexed of questions, and at the same moment to win closer to his future throne an entire people. We have always held that Irish disaffection is more a sentiment than anything else; it may be cured by a counter sentiment. It is a jumble of wrongs, ballads, and superstition. The Sassenach is the hereditary



oppressor of the Celt. The Sassenach rulers stand aloof from their conquered province, and send a consul to represent them. This stuff is printed every week in Ireland, and read out to thousands at the Sunday gatherings in the chapel yards. "Only twice in twenty-eight years," notes Mr. Osborne, "has the Sovereign visited Ireland." When the Prince was last there he was unaccompanied by the Princess, and though her absence was not avoidable, it created a remarkable disappointment. His Royal Highness limited his stay to a few days, and with the exception of a tour taken with his tutor, we believe Ireland has only been favoured on two occasions with his presence. We find Scotland strong enough on her own legs, but she is singularly and peculiarly promoted in Royal esteem, while Ireland, whose condition requires every aid to be brought to help it, is made over entirely to the rough doctors who administer politics. We are convinced that the Prince would effect not only a temporary but a radical resuscitation of health and progress in that country by his residence there, and that more than one useful object would be attained by an act against which we are unable to find that even a solitary reason can be urged.

#### THE EXTRADITION TREATY.

WE entirely sympathise with the object of Mr. Mill and other members of the House of Commons in opposing the passing of the Extradition Treaties Act Amendment Bill. No Englishman would tolerate any diminution of the security which political exiles enjoy in this country; and everyone will readily admit that we ought to take all fair and legitimate precautions against any abuse to their detriment of the Extradition Treaties which we may have with foreign Powers. But on the other hand, we must not lose sight of the fact that in the present state of civilization and with our existing facilities of locomotion, the extradition of criminals is a matter of the utmost importance. It is especially important when we come to deal with two countries like England and France, because it is evident that, in a great number of cases, crime might be committed with absolute impunity if a man could escape punishment merely by crossing the Channel. Take, for instance, that worst and most detestable form of crime—the domestic murder. Any one who was minded to perpetrate such an offence might, if residing in London, make it almost a matter of certainty that his deed would not be detected until he should have left Dover or Folkestone. Then, again, fraudulent bankrupts from any part of the kingdom would easily escape to France before their absence had been discovered; and nearly the same may be said of forgers who were not detected in the act of passing off the spurious document. The results of giving such impunity—we may say such encouragement to criminals—are far too grave to be lightly encountered. We have obviously an interest of a very urgent kind in maintaining treaties of extradition, if we can do so consistently with the safety of those for whom we wish our shores to be a safe asylum. While, therefore, we refuse to do anything which may endanger or weaken our position in this respect, it is clearly also our duty to waive the observance of merely useless and illusory formalities, which offend and annoy foreign Governments, without affording any real security against malpractices on their part.

Now, it appears perfectly clear that the measure to which we are referring goes no further than this. It was prepared by the late, and has been introduced by the present Administration, in consequence of the dissatisfaction which the French Government feel at the working of the Extradition Treaty. A good deal of the suspicion with which it is regarded has arisen from the demands which M. Drouyn de Lhuys put forward in the first instance, and to which it was impossible that we should assent. The Foreign Minister of Louis Napoleon wishes that the French warrant, or *mandat d'arret*, should be executed by an English magistrate on its mere production, and without the slightest inquiry into the guilt or innocence of the accused person. That is, of course, out of the question. We cannot permit any interference with the liberty of a person residing in England, unless sufficient evidence be adduced to justify his committal for trial. The Earl of Clarendon at once refused to sanction any infringement of this principle; and it is not in the slightest degree endangered by the bill which has just received the sanction of Parliament. It is, indeed, urged that we ought to look with suspicion upon any propositions which are acceptable to the French Government, since we know that they desire to drag us much further than we wish to go. But we are unable to see the force of an

argument which implies that we cannot stop when we choose. Believing that we have both the knowledge and the firmness requisite to keep out of danger, it seems to us that we may disregard all supposed ulterior consequences, and confine ourselves to the actual provisions of the bill. By the Act which was passed in 1843, to give effect to the Extradition Treaty, it was provided: "That copies of the depositions upon which the French warrant of arrest was granted, may be received in evidence if certified under the hand of the person issuing such warrant, and attested upon the oath of the party producing them to be true copies of the original depositions." Under that Act, therefore, a magistrate is empowered to grant extradition of a person against whom there is a *prima facie* case on written depositions duly verified; and that will still remain the law without alteration or modification. The only change made is in the mode of verifying the depositions. Up to the present time it has been necessary to send over a person to swear that he had examined the original with the copy despatched to England, and that he had found the two correspond. The susceptibilities of the French judges were grievously wounded by a precaution which they regarded as an imputation upon their honour; and it is simply out of consideration for their feelings that we have been legislating. In future the correctness of the transcript will be certified under the seal of the Minister of Justice. Of course it is obvious that there can be no danger in this if the French Government be honest. But suppose they are dishonest, what security do we possess under the present, that we shall not have under the new system? In the first place neither the one nor the other furnish any security whatever against an utterly sham prosecution supported by sham or lying witnesses. In that case, if in any, the depositions would be correctly taken and correctly copied; and no mode of verifying a copy would detect a fraud at an anterior stage of the transaction. But assuming that the depositions were purposely miscopied, could anything be more easy than to send over some one who would swear with the utmost positiveness to the fidelity of transcript? The French police are certainly very much belied if they have not at command creatures who would do much more and worse for them than this. They would, in fact, far sooner employ some obscure agent to commit perjury than make the official seal of the Ministry of Justice the instrument of falsification. That being the case, it would have been in the highest degree churlish to refuse a slight and unimportant concession, which is understood to be grateful to the French Government, and which, there is reason to believe, will avert the calamitous consequences of a termination of the Extradition Treaty between the two countries. If any further argument be required in support of the Bill, we may add that the practice which it will introduce already prevails in the United States, and that it is entirely consistent with the principles which, as a rule, regulate the admission of foreign documents in evidence in our own courts.

The truth is, that the arguments of those who opposed the Bill were not addressed to its provisions, but were directed against any arrangement between England and France for the mutual extradition of criminals. No doubt there are in such an arrangement dangers against which it is necessary to be on our guard; but these dangers are in nowise diminished by insisting upon a purely illusory formality. Mr. Mill, indeed, argued in favour of its retention, on the ground that it was so offensive to the French Government, that it had practically reduced the treaty to a dead letter so far as they were concerned. But if that argument be good for anything it would lead us to give up extradition altogether—a step which no one has yet ventured directly to advocate. The offensiveness of our practice would certainly not have prevented the French claiming the extradition of any criminals, of whom, for political reasons, they had desired to obtain possession. In that case they would have swallowed their objections to our forms, and put the treaty in force. Nor can we help remarking that it says much for the *bona fides* with which they have acted, that, according to Lord Stanley, "during the twenty-three years which the treaty has been in force, not one single attempt has been made to use it for a political purpose." We do not indeed believe that any such attempt is likely to be made while we have at the head of our Foreign Office men who are keenly alive to the disgrace of surrendering a political refugee; who are careful to see that the crime of which a man is accused, is really that for which his arrest is sought; and who will, in their discretion, refuse extradition when that crime, although technically murder, is in fact an act of rebellion or insurrection. To the exercise of such a discretion, rather than to the insertion, either in a treaty or an Act of Parliament, of clauses attempting to define "political homicide," as distin-



guished from ordinary murder or political assassination, we must look for the successful working of a system of extradition. The distinction is apparent enough to common sense, but it has hitherto defied exact legal expression. The end in view would certainly not have been attained by the clause which Sir F. Goldsmid proposed; but at present it is sufficient to say of this that it could not have been adopted consistently with our existing engagements towards the French Government. As the Foreign Secretary consented to limit the operation of the bill to a twelvemonth, the whole subject of extradition will, no doubt, receive next session the careful and deliberate consideration which it requires. Many points may then be discussed with great advantage; and it is to be hoped that means will be found to remove the impediments which have hitherto prevented the conclusion of treaties between England and many other countries. In the meantime, the most timid refugee may rest assured that his safety is in no degree compromised by the insignificant measure to which Parliament has just assented.

#### LORD KIMBERLEY ON THE FENIANS.

HOWEVER we may regret the necessity for continuing the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, no one who rightly appreciates the circumstances which led to its suspension, can doubt that the necessity exists. We have not now to inquire into the causes of that disaffection in Ireland which has rendered it possible that so threatening a conspiracy as that of the Fenian Brotherhood could be imported into the country with the certainty of at once striking root far and wide. No one in these days pretends that the people of Ireland have not had to complain of very gross injustice. Men of all parties admit this as cheerfully as so discreditable a fact can be admitted; and in one way or another, efforts have not been wanting to remove from us the great reproach of having governed so vital a portion of the United Kingdom, so as to alienate the affections of the vast majority of the people. We fear it must also be admitted that a movement like that of 1848 or 1865 has been followed by a more respectful attention to Irish questions than they enjoyed before it, and it cannot be doubted that one result of the Fenian conspiracy has been that the late Government were prepared to act with regard to the land question in a spirit conciliatory towards the people of the sister country. But we have at the same time the assurance of Lord Kimberley that had they continued in office, they would have asked for the continuance of the Suspension of Habeas Corpus just as Lord Derby has asked for it. And those persons who have thought that it was a rash measure on the part of Earl Russell's cabinet to suspend the Act, either because it was giving exaggerated importance to a contemptible movement, or because it was an unnecessary interference with the liberty of the subject, will be surprised, and, we hope, enlightened by Lord Kimberley's "deliberate" statement that "since the year 1798 there has not existed so dangerous a condition of the minds of the people in Ireland as in the past year."

Lord Derby's proposal to renew the suspension of Habeas Corpus has given us the benefit of hearing from Lord Kimberley at more length than we have hitherto heard it from so authoritative a source, the character of that political crisis through which the sister country appeared, from this side of the Channel, to pass so quietly. The conspiracy was not indigenous. Probably the wish of most Irishmen who were not prospering in their country, and yet were not destitute, was to leave it. But in some parts of Ireland there was discontent bordering upon disaffection, and ready upon sufficient provocation to be converted into it. Upon the close of the American war that provocation was forthcoming. To the impressionable, excitable, and credulous people there could not be a stronger incentive to sedition than the existence across the Atlantic of a society with extensive ramifications, abundantly supplied with money, sending emissaries to Ireland to spread disaffection among the people, and telling them that the hour of their "liberation" was at hand, and that, under the ægis of the great American republic, would rise an Irish republic, from which all the grievances of the people would disappear. It is quite true that neither the owners of property, nor persons occupying professional or high positions, were taken in by these assurances; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that it was confined to the poorer or more ignorant classes. Lord Kimberley, on the contrary, assures us that those who were most active in promoting the conspiracy were persons belonging to the artisan and small tradesmen classes, "men whose energy and ability rendered them difficult to contend with." But the conspiracy was not confined to these classes. There has been a general belief here that the occupiers of farms did not

sympathize with it. Lord Kimberley regrets that he cannot, to its full extent, repeat that statement. In the south and west of Ireland they did not take a prominent part in the conspiracy; but he says it was known that had the rebellion broken out, in many parts of the country they would have been perfectly ready to join it. He did not touch upon details transpiring either then or since, which show how formidable the movement was. To give an instance, we find from a Parliamentary return just issued that even so limited a class as that of persons engaged in the work of education has contributed conspirators to it so largely that no less than thirty-two schoolmasters have been arrested since September last. If its recent acts were incommensurate with its organization, that is wholly due to the wisdom with which Lord Kimberley watched its development, and withheld his hand until he could strike so as to crush. Had he interfered sooner, many of the chiefs of the movement might have escaped; had he waited longer, it might have been necessary to quench the conspiracy with blood. It is due to the ablest Lord-Lieutenant who has ruled Ireland for many a day to say that, without the sacrifice of a single life, he has suppressed the most formidable sedition through which the sister country has passed during this century.

And now when Lord Derby asks for a continuance of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, it is important to see what has been the sacrifice of personal liberty which its suspension hitherto has occasioned. Up to the time of Lord Kimberley's leaving Ireland 756 persons had been arrested, of whom, on the 23rd ult., there remained in prison 339. The rest have been set at liberty upon giving security for their good conduct in the future, and probably those who are still in prison might return to their homes upon conditions equally easy if they would accept them. Lord Kimberley cannot be said to have abused the absolute power the Legislature has placed in his hands, when this is the extent to which he has employed them. And when we are told that there is a very considerable number of the persons whom he caused to be arrested who refuse the liberal conditions of release offered them by the Government, and who still maintain the language of defiance towards the authorities, it seems to us that the Legislature has no choice but to continue the suspension of the Act, unless it can be supposed to be desirable that between three and four hundred persons who avow their intention to overthrow the Queen's Government if they can, should be let loose upon society to renew their work as agitators during the recess, and to encourage that remnant of Fenianism which the late discovery of secreted gunpowder, and more than one Fenian murder, have shown to be still active. Without question, if the Suspension Act were not continued Ireland would quickly relapse into the peril from which she has been rescued. The Fenian in the sister country will not lose hope of the ultimate success of his cause when he sees how openly the brotherhood is still able to plot against the British Government in the United States. He will not take into account the "peculiar institutions" of the American Republic, which permits everything short of levying war—if it even prohibits that—against a friendly Government. And why should he when he reads in this week's news from America that the House Committee on Foreign Affairs have declared that England has given America no cause to respect her sense of justice or regard for right; that they have expressed strong sympathy for the Fenians; that they have reported, and that the House of Representatives has unanimously passed, a Bill repealing—in Fenian, amongst other interests hostile to us—the stringent provisions of the neutrality laws, modifying the penalties for their violation, and providing that the law shall not be construed so as to prevent the sale of American ships and steamers and war ammunition to the inhabitants of other countries or Governments not at war with the United States? During the passing of this Bill "numerous prominent Fenians were on the floor;" and no doubt these gentlemen were also present when "Mr. Seward quoted a letter from himself to Sir Frederick Bruce in June last, in which he expressed the hope that the customary administrative law would be tempered with special forbearance and clemency by the Canadian authorities." What can an Irish Fenian say when he reads all this, and finds the American House of Commons and the American Government fostering a cause which seeks the overthrow of the Queen's Government in Ireland? It would be madness in the face of such facts not to continue the extraordinary powers which have been used so wisely, so temperately, and so effectively. But, at the same time, it would be melancholy to think that it is only by such powers that we can permanently govern Ireland. Lord Kimberley warns us that it is not enough that we should suppress rebellion and prevent conspiracies, but that we must at the same time seek to remove as far as we are able



the causes of these things; that we must endeavour to touch the heart of the Irish people, "which we have never yet touched;" and that unless we adopt such measures as will effect this—above all things, by remedial enactments with regard to the tenure of land—such measures "will be forced upon the attention of Parliament."

#### THE VALUE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

GENERAL BANKS of Massachusetts, out of his own State, is not known to fame. In the days of the American civil war he was heard of for a moment as the cause of ignominious failure and disgrace to the Federal arms; and he subsequently attracted some attention by his absurd conduct in connection with the Paris Exhibition. He now comes to the surface again, and we find him bringing a Bill before Congress to annex British North America to the United States. The proposal, however, that the United States should purchase British North America did not originate in the brain of Banks. The General merely gave the coinage currency. The author is a Mr. James W. Taylor, special agent of the Treasury department in Minnesota, who has, it must be admitted, approached the subject in the spirit of a statesman. Nor is it put forth with the least unfriendly feeling to this country, for "the overture" is avowedly to be made "upon the fullest consultation with the Government of Great Britain." But nevertheless we have a scheme perfected. The lands unconceded, the harbours, the light-houses, the canals, the river and lake improvements, all the property of the Canadian and other Governments, with their lien on railways, are to be given over to the United States Government, who will thereupon assume the debts of the province. The transfer has only to be made, for the territorial divisions are already established. Even the number of members to be sent to Washington is determined, and, with two slight exceptions, viz., the consent of the population of British America and the concurrence of the Imperial Government, there is nothing to impede the measure. But as there may be some difficulty in obtaining these conditions, the scheme has been temporarily allowed to drop, to be revived, doubtless, from time to time, when the Massachusetts manufacturers desire to extend their markets, and think they have a chance of doing so.

We cannot have a better proof of the value attached by the United States to British America, than the fact that they urge the general government to assume the Provincial debts, and to annex the territory. Mr. Taylor possesses statesmanship enough to provide for an improvement to which the Canadian Government have shown most reprehensible indifference—the enlargement of the Canadian canals. Mr. Taylor proposes to appropriate fifty millions of dollars "to aid the navigation of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, that vessels of 1,500 tons burden shall pass from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Lakes Michigan and Superior." Although ignored and neglected by the Canadian Government, the scheme is quite feasible. At present the produce of the West passes by the great lakes to the foot of Lake Erie, where it has an entrance at Buffalo, which is the point of entry of the route at Lake Erie. On the other hand, it takes the Welland Canal on the Canadian side to Lake Ontario,—to Oswego,—passing by the canal of that name to the main Erie Canal. The latter connects Lake Erie with Albany,—the waters of the Hudson. Such is the pressure of the trade that a vessel is eleven and twelve days passing from Lake Erie to the Hudson. New York is thus the one seaport of the West, but it would cease to be so to a great extent if the Canadian canals were deepened, and the navigation improved, as Mr. Taylor, who is a Western man, has the sagacity to see. No little of the trade would then be transferred to Boston, which, indeed, might become the depôt of the west.

But the greatest benefit resulting from this work would accrue to Canada. If the canals were deepened so that a sea-going vessel could pass, without breaking bulk in its cargo, to the Far West, the maritime highway would be through that province. For it may be said that the Erie Canal can be improved only to a very limited degree, owing to the difficulty of obtaining water, which is now admitted to be barely sufficient. It is true that the work would cost some millions of dollars, and that the shallow waters of Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis would require a large expenditure to dredge them; further, the necessity of keeping the navigation open while the enlargement was in progress would add greatly to its expense. But no one has doubted the feasibility of the scheme, or, at all events, has put his objections in such a form that they can be examined and answered. On the other hand, the condition of improving

the navigation has been examined both by American and Canadian writers of eminence, at length, and with ability, to the extent that the information at the disposal of the writers would admit. It is plain that the American authorities are conversant with the value of the St. Lawrence as a highway, and General Banks may be considered to represent the public opinion of his State when he proposes that it shall be developed. Here lies the value of his extraordinary proposition to the English statesman. Even its ridiculous side disappears when it is so considered. The well-wisher of Canada ought, therefore, to be thankful. But to judge by the tone of indignation which, without exception, characterizes Canadian journalism, British America is not particularly grateful to the General at the offer of incorporation in the great republic. If, however, Canada and the maritime provinces would examine it from our standing-point, they might think differently. Very probably the attention of English statesmen may be directed to the subject by it; and, what evidently is more difficult to effect, Canadian politicians may be turned away from their bickerings and intrigues to consider a policy which will advance every interest in the province, and will give a healthy stimulus to trade, so that progress will really be effected. It is hard, indeed, to understand the indifference with which this important project has been treated.

#### THE PROCESS OF LIQUIDATION.

A RETURN of such joint-stock companies as have been brought before the Court of Chancery upon winding up petitions has appeared in the columns of some of our contemporaries, and merits more than a mere perusal. The catalogue is not a short one, containing as it does upwards of a hundred and fifty dead schemes, which are now only valuable to those fortunate gentlemen who have been appointed official liquidators of these concerns. With some few of the undertakings that are named many of us are more or less familiar; and the regret of seeing them in such questionable company is mingled with indignation at the "bearing" rascalities which brought them there. Not so, however, with the vast majority of the projects, which even in their very titles give evidence of their utter impossibility of success, and seem to be marked as having been got up for the immediate benefit of their promoters and the subsequent advantage of their respective liquidators. Some of the names given to these insolvent concerns might serve as models for the printed notices which the clown so often displays in the pantomime, whilst others—following each other as they do alphabetically—show how popular and taking must have been certain titles amongst the share-taking community, which, about two years or two years and a half ago, saw in every new prospectus an "uncommonly good thing." Thus, there are in the return no less than seven of these undertakings which have to their names the prefix of "British." The name of our metropolis appears also to have been very popular with the "promoting" fraternity of 1863-64, for we have in the list of deceased companies also seven to which the capital of England has stood godfather,—all of which, like their sister undertakings in trouble, are now being wound up in the Court of Chancery. In the case of many of these defunct concerns the name explains what the proposed working of the company was to be, but there are others which are not a little puzzling even to persons who watched the share-taking mania and prospectus-publishing rascalities from the commencement. Can any one say what the Waterloo Life, Casualty, Education, and Self-Relief Company was meant to effect or carry out? Fifty years ago the title would have been explained by the number of orphans and other sufferers whose troubles were caused by the Duke of Wellington's great victory; but such cannot now be the intention of the scheme by which, no doubt, money was taken out of some persons' pockets to the benefit of other parties more wary and less honest. Or what are we to think of "The Second St. Peter's £50 Company," which is also to be found in this curious list? Had Rome and the Vatican anything to do with this now insolvent scheme? Who was the second St. Peter, and why did he only want £50? Or again, "The Scottish and Universal Finance Bank (Limited);"—if "Scottish," how could this undertaking be "Universal;" or, if "Universal," was it not also "Scottish?"

Upwards of a hundred and fifty bankrupt joint-stock companies represent an amount of social misery which is fearful to contemplate. When we think of the number of ruined homes; of families once well off now in almost absolute want; of honest savings that have been lost in this whirlpool of speculation, or of professional men whose all has been swallowed



up by these bubbles, our indignation is but natural. And yet who can read this return of companies now being wound up, and not wonder where people silly enough to intrust their means to such palpable swindles, as the greater number of them evidently were, could be found. As a general rule Englishmen are by no means given to throw away their money, still less to put their names to documents which would render them liable to future disbursements. Ask any clergyman, Dissenting Minister, half-pay officer, gentleman farmer, or retired tradesman, to lend money even on the best security, and the chances are that he will reply that he must "consult his solicitor" before he makes up his mind whether or not he will enter into the transaction. But yet these are the very classes which have suffered most from the share-taking mania, simply because they believed every glowing prospectus they read, and were, so long as the madness lasted, never happy until they had shares in one or other of the many joint-stock robberies which were offered them in every newspaper they looked at.

The rage for making—or rather for attempting to make—money by other than the regular means, and of dabbling in shares by men who understood nothing whatever of the trade, has passed away, not however without leaving its mark amongst the thousands who have been its victims. But what of those who profited by the folly? What has become of the promoters many of us knew so well—the men who made their thousands and tens of thousands, and who seem to have disappeared as suddenly as they started into life during the palmy days of popular belief in joint-stock share taking? Whatever might become of a company after it was once "floated," the promoters of the concern were safe from all loss. They invariably pocketed their modest cheque as payment of the "promotion money" within a week or ten days after the shares were allotted, and then departed to "get up" other companies, and "float" new and still grander concerns. So long as every day's *Times* gave us column after column of prospectuses, setting forth new schemes, one more impossible than another, the profession of a "promoter" was a wealthy calling, and one not without a certain honour, even in its own country. But being no more wanted, the promoter is no longer seen or heard of, and the only persons now making money out of these joint-stock insolvencies are the official liquidators and their solicitors. Some of the former class must be fortunate men. It is said that even the poorest company, when under liquidation, is worth from £2,000 to £3,000 clear to those who have the winding up of its affairs, and in the list before us there is one gentleman who is official liquidator to no less than twenty-six different undertakings now in Chancery. This individual's lines have certainly fallen in pleasant places, for unless the popular estimate of his profits is greatly exaggerated, the little jobs he has on hand must be worth upwards of fifty thousand pounds. How one man's business capacity can be equal to such an amount of work, how one individual can superintend the winding up of twenty-six companies at one and the same time, or by what authority the care of so many concerns was intrusted to the same person, are—like many other matters connected with joint-stock companies—utter mysteries to uninitiated outsiders, and had therefore better not be discussed.

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In the money-making world there is nothing without a reason. Amongst things not generally known is the fact that many of the joint-stock companies which were created during the latter time of the share mania, were called into existence merely for the sake of being wound up. Let us suppose that a "promoter," or a "financial agent," found it impossible to "float" the little scheme by which he was to put five thousand pounds or so in the shape of "promotion money" into his pocket, would he thereby be deterred from making a profit somehow out of his intended company? By no means. He would publish his prospectus all the same, and no doubt some persons

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However, let the dead bury their dead. The joint-stock company mania is now over, and will not be revived again probably for some time. Fifty years hence men will hardly believe that their fathers could ever have applied for shares in a hundred of the hundred and fifty schemes named in the return before us, and which bears witness to the wonderful gullibility of the British public. But may not another solution of the problem be found not only in the great greed for riches which now pervades all ranks and classes in life, but also in the blind desire which men now evince to make bricks without straw,—to trade and barter without capital to fall back upon? Individuals with a hundred or two hundred pounds to spare, were seized with the desire to turn that amount into as many thousands, and believed that in share-taking they had found the philosopher's stone by which their desires could be accomplished. There is no doubt but what the joint-stock company swindling was a national calamity; but was it not in a great measure supported by national cupidity?

#### CHOLERA AND JOURNALISM.

Of the many noticeable features of modern journalism there is none more remarkable than the "Sensation Article." Fearful and wonderful in every respect is the composition of these latest achievements of literary skill. Events that, to the uninitiated observer, may seem ordinary and uninteresting enough can, through the means of a little vigorous manipulation, a paucity of argument, and a superfluity of epithets, be magnified by the well-practised artist to heroic proportions. It merely requires a moderate amount of experience to perceive how easy it is to embody in true tragic form the most common events of every-day life. A robbery, a divorce, a suicide, a murder, may furnish material which the most heart-rending romance could not surpass. Truth, we all know, is stranger than fiction; and if only there be added to facts, a judicious admixture of fancy, what more thrilling or exciting narrative could we need? There is no character which the sensation journalist cannot when necessary assume. At one time he will thrill with indignation the impassioned breasts of the votaries of the penny press, by relating some stern, simple tale of injustice and wrong; at another he will indulge in a calmer strain to awake a feeling of gentle sympathy and love. Now he is moved by the spirit of a world-wide philanthropy, and an affection co-extensive with mankind; now he is the officer of justice crying for blood, punishment, and revenge. What the mere subject may be on which it seems reasonable to dilate matters little to him. Whether it be a prize-fight or a triple murder he does not care. He knows every avenue that leads to the emotions of the British working man, and is quite certain of securing his effect. As may be supposed, he is rendered, by his peculiar avocation, an insatiable devourer of news in every form. Wherever the carcass is, there, we are told, will the eagles be gathered together; and whenever anything occurs, out of which



a sensational narrative can by any possibility be manufactured, we may be quite sure that the sensation journalist will not be silent. Adopting a judicious system of dichotomy, he appears to divide events into two classes—those which form legitimate “subjects,” and those which do not. The latter he at once discards as, for all practical purposes, useless, and to the former devotes his full and unimpaired energies. Of late the times have been exceptionally rich in these suggestive themes. The Jamaica difficulties were in themselves a host, and now, the most prolific topic of all, he is able to expatiate upon the terrors and perils of cholera. A marvellous opportunity has thus arrived for effective writing,—for descriptions by turns pathetic and horrible,—for remarks duly tempered by the spirit of philanthropy and severity,—and the manufacturer of sensation articles is not slow to make the most of it.

Few persons can have helped noticing in the course of the last few days, huge placards emblazoned with the device of a daily contemporary, that, in company with several other journals of the same class, boasts to have “the largest circulation of the world,” on which is discernible in letters of enormous size the name of the disease which is now attacking certain districts of the metropolis. Had they referred to the newspaper in question they would have seen something still more startling. It has been the habit of the *Daily Telegraph* since the malady first made its appearance to devote on an average three columns *per diem* to the subject of the cholera. Some enterprising contributor, it appears, has taken upon himself the task of making periodical visits to those spots in which the sufferings of the victims of cholera have been most frequent and severe. As may be supposed, he has not failed to give us the results of his experience in as highly-coloured a style as could reasonably be wished. Every scene of misery and pain which he has witnessed he laboriously and emphatically details, and as for those which have been beyond his ken he trusts to his own imagination. Nor is he content with this. He presents his readers with as accurate a diagnosis of choleraic symptoms as his medical knowledge enables him to give, “led by the hope,” as he observes, “that what we have to tell may stimulate courage, and allay, instead of increasing, fear.” The reasoning may appear strange, but fine language, and not argument, is the writer’s *forte*, and for this the nature of the subject affords ample opportunity. It would be difficult to conceive of a more ghastly narrative than that on which readers of the *Daily Telegraph* may revel, honoured as it is, with all the glories of large type. We have no wish to repeat here the horrors which may be found there so vividly portrayed. It is quite enough that there should be one source of intimidation for persons of nervous and excitable temperament; and it would be impossible that a more perfect system of terrorism should exist than that displayed in the columns of this particular journal. There is a minuteness pervading the whole account which must certainly have the effect of striking fear into the hearts of a large portion of those who read it. The writer, indeed, appears to gloat over each sickening particular and every phase of suffering into which he came in contact. Sometimes he gloomily admits cholera allows of remedies; but, even then, “its cure is precarious and slow.” For the poor and weakly there is, it appears, no escape whatever; they must lie down patiently and die.

Now it is very well to bring forward as an apology for this “that it is an English habit, and has been so from time immemorial, to look a danger full in the face,” that “we do not wash our dirty linen at home,” and that “it is idle to lull ourselves into that sleep of fancied security from which the dreamer wakes with the cholera cramp.” But there is really, after all, something in the theory of the means; and because it would be foolish and wrong to deliberately shut our eyes to the fact that cholera is amongst us, it does not therefore follow that we should fill our minds with visions of its horrors. In the matter of contagious disease, lamentable though it may be, most persons are “weak-minded,” the uneducated classes, among whom it is not unjust to suppose that the *Daily Telegraph* chiefly circulates, especially so. We are no advocates for the suppression of facts: it would be a great grievance if the Registrar-General should cease to issue his bulletins; but we cannot see that it is incumbent upon the journalist to go out of his way to present his readers with a vivid picture of the various successive stages of a terrible disease. By all means let the most ignorant and timid be informed of the danger to which they are exposed, that they may be warned in time to preserve habits of temperance and cleanliness. But it is at once idle and wrong to paralyze their minds by fear, and to horrify their imaginations in the way that such ghastly chroniclers cannot fail to do. Cowardice is at all times the friend of disease; and the fear of the fearful must be increased

when they have set before them such graphic details. It is absurd to speak of these as being only “unpleasant,” or as nothing more than likely to offend the fastidious. There is such a thing as constitutional timidity, and this is not easily put down by the sneer of a newspaper. Have there not been instances in which readers of a highly nervous organization have been attacked with a malady very similar to the plague, after a perusal of Defoe’s celebrated account?

The truth of the whole matter is really this. At a time when peril is imminent, most persons are apt to take a morbid pleasure in brooding over ghastly descriptions of, and thus anticipating, what may or may not be coming upon them sooner or later. The sensation journalist knows his trade. He knows the advantage to be derived from attractive and striking headings; he is well aware when he has got a telling subject, and one which he can work well. He has felt the pulse of his public to a nicety; he has an exquisitely keen perception of the proportions in which he must mingle the sentimental and the ghastly element; and thus out of a few stern and indisputable facts he contrives to evolve an exciting and highly-spiced narrative. There are other points in these descriptions on which we might fairly comment—the habit, for instance, of making feeble and hackneyed puns, which can only show that their perpetrator has read parts of the Latin syntax, and of indulging in the sportive vein which dignifies dunghills with the titles of “Pelions on Ossas of manure.” But these are merely instances of offences against sound judgment and good taste, and we would be the last to censure them under these circumstances too severely. The one serious evil of such writing as that which we have noticed is, that it is certain to be, at any rate, principally read by that class whom it is certain to injure most—a class that is less likely to listen to the logical exhortations of the *Daily Telegraph* to be calm, and philosophical, and composed, in the midst of deadly danger, than to be awed and horrified by its imaginative pictures of scenes of overwhelming misery and torment. As a rule sensation articles may be regarded as subjects rather for a laugh than for serious alarm; they are generally ridiculous rather than vicious. But there are legitimate limits to these objectionable developments of modern journalism, and we think that in the present case they have been seriously overstepped; nor can we believe that the offence is in any degree palliated by representing, what is in reality written to promote the circulation and increase the name of the paper as the emanations of pure philanthropy, and the unmixed desire of doing good and increasing courage.

#### ADMIRALTY CONTRACTS.

WE are in the habit of saying that foreigners never succeed in fully appreciating the peculiar genius of our institutions. In one instance, however, we must admit the occurrence of an exception to this rule, for a recent celebrated French writer has epitomized the genius of the English Admiralty in the following striking language “as the least rationally constituted administrative body of any country, one of the most singular institutions in the world, and the most fatally condemned to consume immense resources in the production of comparatively slight results.” We have recently called attention to the fact that the Admiralty after appointing a committee of eminent naval officers and merchant shipowners to determine the relative merit of different descriptions of anchors, continued the use of the very same old Admiralty pattern, declared by the unanimous verdict of their own committee to be the worst, save one, of the eight submitted to them for experiment, and “wanting in all the essential qualities looked for in a good anchor.” That they not only persisted in supplying the navy with an inferior anchor, but also in paying more than double the market price for it. Electing, in fact, to stick close to the contract prices of 1841, with the full knowledge that the price of large forgings such as anchors had, from the introduction of Nasmyth’s steam hammer, fallen more than one-half. In short, that there was hardly room to doubt that the naval service of the country had been compelled to put up with a condemned anchor in order to preserve the system of plunder involved in the maintenance of an exorbitant scale of price.

What has always appeared to us, however, as more dangerous, and therefore a matter of even greater moment than the dishonesty of the Admiralty officials, and the robbery of the public, is the discreditable circumstance that, after a disclosure of the facts, such malversation should fail to be arrested by the House of Commons, and be allowed to go on with the knowledge of its members, and in spite of the assaults of various Admiralty reformers from 1859 to the present hour. The



up by these bubbles, our indignation is but natural. And yet who can read this return of companies now being wound up, and not wonder where people silly enough to intrust their means to such palpable swindles, as the greater number of them evidently were, could be found. As a general rule Englishmen are by no means given to throw away their money, still less to put their names to documents which would render them liable to future disbursements. Ask any clergyman, Dissenting Minister, half-pay officer, gentleman farmer, or retired tradesman, to lend money even on the best security, and the chances are that he will reply that he must "consult his solicitor" before he makes up his mind whether or not he will enter into the transaction. But yet these are the very classes which have suffered most from the share-taking mania, simply because they believed every glowing prospectus they read, and were, so long as the madness lasted, never happy until they had shares in one or other of the many joint-stock robberies which were offered them in every newspaper they looked at.

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However, let the dead bury their dead. The joint-stock company mania is now over, and will not be revived again probably for some time. Fifty years hence men will hardly believe that their fathers could ever have applied for shares in a hundred of the hundred and fifty schemes named in the return before us, and which bears witness to the wonderful gullibility of the British public. But may not another solution of the problem be found not only in the great greed for riches which now pervades all ranks and classes in life, but also in the blind desire which men now evince to make bricks without straw,—to trade and barter without capital to fall back upon? Individuals with a hundred or two hundred pounds to spare, were seized with the desire to turn that amount into as many thousands, and believed that in share-taking they had found the philosopher's stone by which their desires could be accomplished. There is no doubt but what the joint-stock company swindling was a national calamity; but was it not in a great measure supported by national cupidity?

#### CHOLERA AND JOURNALISM.

Or the many noticeable features of modern journalism there is none more remarkable than the "Sensation Article." Fearful and wonderful in every respect is the composition of these latest achievements of literary skill. Events that, to the uninitiated observer, may seem ordinary and uninteresting enough can, through the means of a little vigorous manipulation, a paucity of argument, and a superfluity of epithets, be magnified by the well-practised artist to heroic proportions. It merely requires a moderate amount of experience to perceive how easy it is to embody in true tragic form the most common events of every-day life. A robbery, a divorce, a suicide, a murder, may furnish material which the most heart-rending romance could not surpass. Truth, we all know, is stranger than fiction; and if only there be added to facts, a judicious admixture of fancy, what more thrilling or exciting narrative could we need? There is no character which the sensation journalist cannot when necessary assume. At one time he will thrill with indignation the impassioned breasts of the votaries of the penny press, by relating some stern, simple tale of injustice and wrong; at another he will indulge in a calmer strain to awake a feeling of gentle sympathy and love. Now he is moved by the spirit of a world-wide philanthropy, and an affection co-extensive with mankind; now he is the officer of justice crying for blood, punishment, and revenge. What the mere subject may be on which it seems reasonable to dilate matters little to him. Whether it be a prize-fight or a triple murder he does not care. He knows every avenue that leads to the emotions of the British working man, and is quite certain of securing his effect. As may be supposed, he is rendered, by his peculiar avocation, an insatiable devourer of news in every form. Wherever the carcass is, there, we are told, will the eagles be gathered together; and whenever anything occurs, out of which



a sensational narrative can by any possibility be manufactured, we may be quite sure that the sensation journalist will not be silent. Adopting a judicious system of dichotomy, he appears to divide events into two classes—those which form legitimate “subjects,” and those which do not. The latter he at once discards as, for all practical purposes, useless, and to the former devotes his full and unimpaired energies. Of late the times have been exceptionally rich in these suggestive themes. The Jamaica difficulties were in themselves a host, and now, the most prolific topic of all, he is able to expatiate upon the terrors and perils of cholera. A marvellous opportunity has thus arrived for effective writing,—for descriptions by turns pathetic and horrible,—for remarks duly tempered by the spirit of philanthropy and severity,—and the manufacturer of sensation articles is not slow to make the most of it.

Few persons can have helped noticing in the course of the last few days, huge placards emblazoned with the device of a daily contemporary, that, in company with several other journals of the same class, boasts to have “the largest circulation of the world,” on which is discernible in letters of enormous size the name of the disease which is now attacking certain districts of the metropolis. Had they referred to the newspaper in question they would have seen something still more startling. It has been the habit of the *Daily Telegraph* since the malady first made its appearance to devote on an average three columns *per diem* to the subject of the cholera. Some enterprising contributor, it appears, has taken upon himself the task of making periodical visits to those spots in which the sufferings of the victims of cholera have been most frequent and severe. As may be supposed, he has not failed to give us the results of his experience in as highly-coloured a style as could reasonably be wished. Every scene of misery and pain which he has witnessed he laboriously and emphatically details, and as for those which have been beyond his ken he trusts to his own imagination. Nor is he content with this. He presents his readers with as accurate a diagnosis of choleraic symptoms as his medical knowledge enables him to give, “led by the hope,” as he observes, “that what we have to tell may stimulate courage, and allay, instead of increasing, fear.” The reasoning may appear strange, but fine language, and not argument, is the writer’s forte, and for this the nature of the subject affords ample opportunity. It would be difficult to conceive of a more ghastly narrative than that on which readers of the *Daily Telegraph* may revel, honoured as it is, with all the glories of large type. We have no wish to repeat here the horrors which may be found there so vividly portrayed. It is quite enough that there should be one source of intimidation for persons of nervous and excitable temperament; and it would be impossible that a more perfect system of terrorism should exist than that displayed in the columns of this particular journal. There is a minuteness pervading the whole account which must certainly have the effect of striking fear into the hearts of a large portion of those who read it. The writer, indeed, appears to gloat over each sickening particular and every phase of suffering into which he came in contact. Sometimes he gloomily admits cholera allows of remedies; but, even then, “its cure is precarious and slow.” For the poor and weakly there is, it appears, no escape whatever; they must lie down patiently and die.

Now it is very well to bring forward as an apology for this “that it is an English habit, and has been so from time immemorial, to look a danger full in the face,” that “we do not wash our dirty linen at home,” and that “it is idle to lull ourselves into that sleep of fancied security from which the dreamer wakes with the cholera cramp.” But there is really, after all, something in the theory of the means; and because it would be foolish and wrong to deliberately shut our eyes to the fact that cholera is amongst us, it does not therefore follow that we should fill our minds with visions of its horrors. In the matter of contagious disease, lamentable though it may be, most persons are “weak-minded,” the uneducated classes, among whom it is not unjust to suppose that the *Daily Telegraph* chiefly circulates, especially so. We are no advocates for the suppression of facts: it would be a great grievance if the Registrar-General should cease to issue his bulletins; but we cannot see that it is incumbent upon the journalist to go out of his way to present his readers with a vivid picture of the various successive stages of a terrible disease. By all means let the most ignorant and timid be informed of the danger to which they are exposed, that they may be warned in time to preserve habits of temperance and cleanliness. But it is at once idle and wrong to paralyze their minds by fear, and to horrify their imaginations in the way that such ghastly chroniclers cannot fail to do. Cowardice is at all times the friend of disease; and the fear of the fearful must be increased

when they have set before them such graphic details. It is absurd to speak of these as being only “unpleasant,” or as nothing more than likely to offend the fastidious. There is such a thing as constitutional timidity, and this is not easily put down by the sneer of a newspaper. Have there not been instances in which readers of a highly nervous organization have been attacked with a malady very similar to the plague, after a perusal of Defoe’s celebrated account?

The truth of the whole matter is really this. At a time when peril is imminent, most persons are apt to take a morbid pleasure in brooding over ghastly descriptions of, and thus anticipating, what may or may not be coming upon them sooner or later. The sensation journalist knows his trade. He knows the advantage to be derived from attractive and striking headings; he is well aware when he has got a telling subject, and one which he can work well. He has felt the pulse of his public to a nicety; he has an exquisitely keen perception of the proportions in which he must mingle the sentimental and the ghastly element; and thus out of a few stern and indisputable facts he contrives to evolve an exciting and highly-spiced narrative. There are other points in these descriptions on which we might fairly comment—the habit, for instance, of making feeble and hackneyed puns, which can only show that their perpetrator has read parts of the Latin syntax, and of indulging in the sportive vein which dignifies dunghoops with the titles of “Pelions on Ossas of manure.” But these are merely instances of offences against sound judgment and good taste, and we would be the last to censure them under these circumstances too severely. The one serious evil of such writing as that which we have noticed is, that it is certain to be, at any rate, principally read by that class whom it is certain to injure most—a class that is less likely to listen to the logical exhortations of the *Daily Telegraph* to be calm, and philosophical, and composed, in the midst of deadly danger, than to be awed and horrified by its imaginative pictures of scenes of overwhelming misery and torment. As a rule sensation articles may be regarded as subjects rather for a laugh than for serious alarm; they are generally ridiculous rather than vicious. But there are legitimate limits to these objectionable developments of modern journalism, and we think that in the present case they have been seriously overstepped; nor can we believe that the offence is in any degree palliated by representing, what is in reality written to promote the circulation and increase the name of the paper as the emanations of pure philanthropy, and the unmixed desire of doing good and increasing courage.

#### ADMIRALTY CONTRACTS.

WE are in the habit of saying that foreigners never succeed in fully appreciating the peculiar genius of our institutions. In one instance, however, we must admit the occurrence of an exception to this rule, for a recent celebrated French writer has epitomized the genius of the English Admiralty in the following striking language “as the least rationally constituted administrative body of any country, one of the most singular institutions in the world, and the most fatally condemned to consume immense resources in the production of comparatively slight results.” We have recently called attention to the fact that the Admiralty after appointing a committee of eminent naval officers and merchant shipowners to determine the relative merit of different descriptions of anchors, continued the use of the very same old Admiralty pattern, declared by the unanimous verdict of their own committee to be the worst, save one, of the eight submitted to them for experiment, and “wanting in all the essential qualities looked for in a good anchor.” That they not only persisted in supplying the navy with an inferior anchor, but also in paying more than double the market price for it. Electing, in fact, to stick close to the contract prices of 1841, with the full knowledge that the price of large forgings such as anchors had, from the introduction of Nasmyth’s steam hammer, fallen more than one-half. In short, that there was hardly room to doubt that the naval service of the country had been compelled to put up with a condemned anchor in order to preserve the system of plunder involved in the maintenance of an exorbitant scale of price.

What has always appeared to us, however, as more dangerous, and therefore a matter of even greater moment than the dishonesty of the Admiralty officials, and the robbery of the public, is the discreditable circumstance that, after a disclosure of the facts, such malversation should fail to be arrested by the House of Commons, and be allowed to go on with the knowledge of its members, and in spite of the assaults of various Admiralty reformers from 1859 to the present hour. The



members who endeavour to discharge a duty in this connection should not so easily desist from further inquiry, and content themselves with replies which are the merest official mystifications. We should, therefore, feel indebted to the member for Lincoln for his tenacity in so steadfastly grappling with the official dragon, and dragging its misshapen proportions into light. Nothing further was required to cause its collapse and insure a victory, for the creature's strength lay only in darkness. Yet out of many who have tried the adventure, Mr. Seely alone can claim to have achieved a success. Not that former combatants were worsted in fight, but because they abandoned the contest after the first passage at arms, either in despair at the slipperiness of their antagonist, or subdued by negotiation, many having shown a suspicious facility in permitting themselves to be diverted from the prosecution of their task.

It is impossible even to imagine a clearer or stronger case of corruption than that involved in persisting for a quarter of a century in paying 140 per cent. in excess of the fair market price for anchors, or one that more painfully illustrates the negligence and inefficiency of Parliament in guarding the public purse. When such pillage is perfectly notorious, why is it not put an end to? Yet some half-dozen members have at various times been equipped with the facts, and undertaken the task of questioning the Admiralty on the subject, and then subsiding into silence, as if to expose their own want of force of character or accessibility to ministerial complaisance. Amongst others, figured conspicuously the late member for West Norfolk, not usually found wanting in pertinacity and self-assertion; but on this occasion, like his comrades, he also succumbed to the exertion. The result of their united labours may be very shortly summed up by the statement of the fact that this monstrous abuse still flourishes in undiminished vigour, and John Bull's faithful steward, the Admiralty, is, whilst we write, charging him, under a contract aged a quarter of a century, more than double the market price for anchors. To be candid, we confess that in our eyes the least contemptible parties to these transactions are those who secure and pocket the plunder. Wise in their generation, they have had the discernment to see their opportunity in the weakness, ignorance, and credulity of their official chiefs, the political heads of departments. The clear-sightedness to measure correctly the height and the depth of the incredible blindness or imbecility of those who ought to have discovered and checked their malversation, and the courage to hold fast to their plunder in the face of a publicity that would have frightened men less acute in perceiving that they and they alone were virtually the administrative rulers of the country.

We will now fulfil our promise of giving a few more specimens of the shifts annually resorted to by the Admiralty to stave off troublesome inquiries, and maintain the ease, comfort, and pecuniary benefit of its officials. Before the advent of Lord Clarence Paget on the scene, it will probably be in the recollection of our readers that two very plausible evasions had been used up by Sir John Pakington, thus narrowing the choice of the noble lord; for the statement "that Trotman's anchors had not been brought into use on account of the great number of anchors of the old construction in store," however satisfactory and serviceable when announced for the first time, had the fatal defect of being untrue, and manifestly became unserviceable when publicity was given to the fact that, in the two years preceding that in which the statement was made, the expenditure for new anchors amounted to £96,409. In like manner, the allegation that "naval officers objected to Trotman's anchor on account of its not biting," received its *coup de grace* when the confession was wrung from the Admiralty "that no reports on Trotman's anchors have been received," and it became known that none had ever been supplied to the navy with the single exception of one to the Queen's yacht, the performance of which Admiral Denman had always eulogised in the strongest terms. Lord Clarence Paget, it is notorious, entered official life as a Reformer, and became Secretary to the Navy, as the sequel to a speech in which he said,—"There had been a system of extravagant expenditure pursued in the shipbuilding department of the Admiralty which he maintained ought to be thoroughly looked into. In the statement he was about to make, the figures he should have to quote really appalled him. It was shown by an elaborate and detailed array of figures that within a period of eleven years there was a deficit of five millions of the public money wholly unaccounted for." Once seated in the chair of office, however, Lord Clarence Paget showed the world, with an almost startling abruptness, that his genius lay not in reforming abuses, but in excusing them.

The question having been asked in the House of Commons why Trotman's anchor was not adopted by the Admiralty and

issued to the navy, the noble lord rose, and, in an admirably counterfeited tone of candour and moderation, deprecated censure, and expostulated with the House somewhat as follows:—"There was already an order that any captain appointed to one of her Majesty's ships should be supplied with a Trotman's anchor upon his applying for one. Were the House prepared to say the Admiralty ought to go further than this and compel their use? He begged to remind the House that captains in the navy were supposed to be gentlemen of education, of great experience in seamanship, that a very heavy responsibility was exacted from them by the Admiralty, for they were held responsible for the safety of the ships they commanded; and he put it to the House whether, under these circumstances, it would be right or justifiable on the part of the Admiralty to compel them to take their vessels to sea furnished with an anchor in which they had no confidence." The only grain of truth in this bushel of chaff was this—there was an order for "any captain applying to be supplied with a Trotman's anchor;" but there was a condition attached, viz., "if in store," and this made it a dead letter, for the officials took care that there never should be any in store; so that the order was virtually a nonentity, or rather a mockery, deluding all who sought to avail themselves of it. Amongst others, the late Captain Sir William Peel was extremely desirous to have his ship supplied with Trotman's anchors, but "not in store" was all he could extract from the Admiralty. Mr. Trotman having heard of the circumstance, addressed a letter to their lordships, saying he should be glad to have his invention tested practically at sea under such distinguished auspices, and asking permission to supply H.M.S. *Diamond* with a Bower anchor at his own cost; but the request was refused. We are now in a position to appreciate the profound irony which lay couched behind the noble lord's almost pathetic appeal to the House not to compel the Admiralty to send captains of H.M.S. vessels to sea furnished with anchors in which they had no confidence; for here we have the Admiralty not only refusing to furnish Sir William Peel with the anchor he desires, but actually forcing him to go to sea with an anchor which the highest authority in the world—the committee of eminent naval men of their own appointment—had condemned as "wanting in all the essential qualities of a good anchor." As each succeeding subterfuge was ripped open and found to be nothing but an empty windbag, a fresh one was provided by the fertile invention of the noble lord. One year the anchor was pronounced difficult to fish; the next—it having in the mean time transpired that the noble lord used one in his own yacht—he evaded the *argumentum ad hominem* by declaring that though adapted for a yacht, it was unfit for a line-of-battle ship. To criticise these exhibitions in detail would be superfluous; they may be summed up in the general statement that at annual intervals the noble lord, upon the first indications of the anchor furor, immediately administered to the House an anodyne draught, compounded of equal parts of equivocation and assumed candour, with a dash of affected virtuous indignation, and plausibility *ad libitum*; and that, notwithstanding analysis had again and again exposed the worthless and adulterated character of the drugs employed in the manufacture of these sleeping potions, the House continued to swallow them, if not entirely without remonstrance, with only such a very feeble protest as indicated rather a covert admiration for the effrontery of the performer who administered them, than any strong sense of moral disapprobation.

Finally, Sir John Pakington has promised to look into the subject of anchors. Thus, it appears it takes seven years to ascertain the market price of anchors, and whether the public are or are not charged double their value. Could any more bitter satire be penned against the Admiralty than is involved in the simple statement of this fact? The questions present themselves—For whose benefit is the Admiralty retained? and who is responsible for retaining it, in opposition to the judgment and the wishes of the whole people of England, save and except the Duke of Somerset and sundry Admiralty officials?

#### LAST WORDS.

FROM the time that human beings began to reflect, they have treasured up the words of the dying as peculiarly weighty and sacred. They often become heir-looms in a family, are handed on by tradition from generation to generation, and from being emblazoned on the shield of the iron baron, descend at last to the seals and coaches of his silken descendants. The last utterance of a falling chieftain has often been made the war-cry of his followers, urged them on to deeds of unwonted valour, to recovery of lost ground, and conquest of new. In



no ancient author do we find a more pointed example of reverence for death-bed sayings than in Xenophon's "Institution of Cyrus." He describes this monarch at an advanced age taking a journey into Persia, and seeing in a dream, when asleep in the Royal palace, a person more than human approach him, and say:—"Cyrus, prepare yourself, for you are now going to the gods!" He awoke, performed his sacrifices, offered his solemn prayers, and, with great calmness, lay down to die. Before his death, however, he assembled his children and friends, with the magistrates of Persia, and spoke to them with great earnestness in language which the polished Athenian professes to have recorded faithfully.

If the near approach of death does not, as the ancients supposed it did, impart some insight into futurity,—if he who shivers on the banks of the cold river can see no more of the opposite shores than those whom he has left behind, he can certainly take a calmer and juster view of his own responsibilities, and convey the results of his experience with greater effect. Yet such is the imperfection of our nature, so little is death regarded as the goal of a moral career—a probationary course—that the words of the dying in general have no other remarkable feature in them than this—that they express the ruling ideas of the past life, and sum up or depict the character of the deceased in a single phrase. Sir Walter Scott tells us that Napoleon breathed his last in the midst of a dreadful tempest, while the words "*tête d'armée*," with which he closed his career, showed that his delirious thoughts were watching the current of a fight. Lord Chesterfield never spoke after desiring his French valet to place a chair for the doctor. Politeness was his passion, as war was that of Napoleon. Rabelais thought fit to expire with a pun on his lips. He caused a domino to be brought and put over his shoulders that he might have the opportunity of uttering the profane jest, *Beati sunt qui moriuntur in Domino*. Goethe's last audible words were "More light! more light!" Nor could anything be more natural. He had preferred a vague pantheism to the light of revelation. Thus, in his old age, after enriching society with his numerous productions, literary and scientific, he was but—

"An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry."

In Italy the sayings of the departed on their death-beds are sometimes written on scrolls, and hung in their parish church. We have seen a church in Florence, the walls of which were hung in this manner with the devout reflections of a daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Crowds visited the spot before and after the day of the funeral, and were edified, no doubt, by the many good and wise things the young princess had uttered. All the schools of philosophy that have been ever founded, have failed to inspire men at the close of life with sentiments one half so beautiful, so thrilling to the ears of bystanders, so precious to the memories of mourners as those which the Christian religion has put into the lips of her expiring children. They are as flowers that blossom from the bier, and diffuse an immortal fragrance. They are golden texts, which cheer us and fade not away while the night of bereavement closes round our path. They may be regarded in some sort as pledges of the reality of that of which they express the anticipation, for how could mere deceits of the imagination engender hopes so bright, and feelings so deep, and dictate sentences so touching, pure, and sublime? There are persons, however, from whom such breathings produce a painful effect, being apparently in direct contradiction to their previous lives. Thus, when the Bishop of Lisieux heard Richelieu in the agony of death pray God to condemn him if he had during his ministry been influenced by any but good motives, he observed that "the confidence of the dying cardinal filled him with terror." Mazarin, again—that crafty minister, whose motto was "Time and myself"—died, according to Aubéry, with the language of a saint on his lips; for the prospect of the grave, though it changes most men's views of their own character and conduct, only confirms others in their self-delusion.

This is rather a serious subject, nor would it be decorous to treat it lightly. There is no sound in the wide world so dreadful as the accents of remorse on a dying bed, nor any instance of it more striking than that of Julian the Apostate. The Persian army had attacked his rear, and he rode to resist them. The imperial standard bore the letters S. P. Q. R., "The Roman Senate and People," emblazoned on it, instead of the Labarum, under which, since the time of Constantine, the legions of the empire had so often rushed on to victory. The Persians were repulsed, but Julian was wounded. His physicians could not stop the blood, and he called for a horse. He tried to mount, fell back into the arms of his followers,

filled his hand with blood, cast it into the air, and cried "Galilean, Thou hast conquered!" Not half so sad was the voice of Kosciustko when he fell, though not to die, pierced by Russian lances, and exclaimed, "An end of Poland!" The hero whose breast is clean, who has confidence in the goodness of his cause, meets his fate with dignity, and brightens the horrors of death with a smile. He may die on the scaffold as a traitor and rebel, and yet, like Lord Lovat, in the rising of 1745, exclaim with his latest breath, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*! Not that the noble sentiment came well from him. It was, in his case, a bitter mockery; for his life had been spent in the violation of every duty, and its sole object was self. "Tis sweet to die for our dear country's sake" would have come better from General Wolfe; and is in fact, in other words, just what he did say when, having gained the heights of Abraham, and fallen on the French at Quebec, he received a shot in the wrist, which he wrapped in a handkerchief, pressed on, concealed a second shot in the groin, and then, being pierced by a fatal bullet in the breast, allowed himself unwillingly to be carried behind the ranks. When told that the French army was totally routed, he exclaimed, "Then I am happy," and instantly expired. No less remarkable were the last words of Montcalm, the French General. The surgeons having informed him that his wound was mortal, and that he could survive only a few hours, he replied gallantly, "So much the better! I shall not live then to see the surrender of Quebec."

The composure and fortitude which marks the last moments of some heinous offenders is very baffling to moralists. The usual chain of moral causes and effects seems in them to be broken; and it is sometimes, particularly in Eastern countries, difficult to restore the links even in imagination, and to render a plausible account of the miscreant's inner life. Thus Nuncomar, the chief of the Brahmins of Bengal, who practised more than the usual amount of deceit which belongs to the timid and effeminate Bengalee, and who had been detected repeatedly in the most criminal intrigues, was at last brought to trial as a felon, and condemned to be hanged, during the Governorship of Warren Hastings, met his ignominious fate with the utmost calmness. His caste was pure, and the crimes he had committed were common to his race, and often accounted virtues. He conversed with the sheriff about his execution without a sigh or the motion of one muscle of his face. He looked round him from his palanquin on the scaffold, and his frantic fellow-countrymen with unaltered serenity, mounted the steps with a firm foot, desired his best remembrances to his friends in the council, and gave the signal to the executioner amid the wailing and howling of countless Hindoos. Yet all this was the dignity of a deceiver. It was but stage effect, or the stoicism of one whose leading idea is Fate. Very different was the resignation of the great peace-loving general and statesman, Washington, when dying at Mount Vernon. To him craft was unknown. No murmur of complaint or impatience passed his lips, though he suffered severely. His weeping family, his friends, his sorrowing servants stood round him, and a nation, to which he had given birth, was mourning without. "Let me be buried privately," he said, "and let no funeral oration be pronounced over my remains. . . . I am dying hard, but it will soon be over." Such were his simple words. He had never been an orator, nor would the arts of rhetoric perhaps have been consistent with the extreme simplicity of his character. Sir Thomas More died in like manner; so did Hildebrand; so did Epaminondas, who while the sword that slew him was being withdrawn, said:—"This is not the end of life, my fellow-soldiers; it is now that your Epaminondas is born;" for great men, however widely they may differ, are always great, and their words—especially their last words—are great like themselves.

#### THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT.

THE Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Registrar-General affords many curious glimpses into the domestic life of the country. Here, after all, is the sum and total of our national vigour, the resultants of the several forces by which the nation is stirred. Within the blue covers exist the raw material from which laws will be made, reforms promoted, and books invented. A deep student of this report might evolve theories out of it without end; the queries prompted by the facts are inexhaustible. Occasionally the compiler himself is inspired by his subject with a kind of oracular utterance, and his vaticinations, supported by columns upon columns of figures, are startling and sturdy enough. He tells us of the Border marriages and the hymeneal blacksmith, of Mr. John Linton, who had "an



inn for the ease of lovers," and of Mr. Murray, who made a nice thing of it by drawing the matrimonial line two miles nearer to England than his competitors in the same business. As recently as 1854 this gentleman registered no less than forty-two marriages in a single day. Lord Brougham's Act put an end to the profitable occupation, the plant for the carrying on of which was limited to a ledger and a few printed forms. Civil marriages are frequent in Portsmouth, we should think, from the number of sailors there, sailors preferring a ready mode of being united. In Cardiff, also, the registry offices are in request for the same purpose. In Cumberland marriage after banns is very uncommon, it being the custom of the youth of that district to annoy the parties who have been called. Miners are prone to civil marriages. We know what a simple thing marriage is in Scotland, and yet convenient as it is our neighbours but too often dispense with all ceremony on the occasion. Among the Romans ten witnesses were present at a marriage, and a cake was divided among them; oatmeal is plenty in Scotland, and yet there is often a sad proportion of illegitimate children. The Scotch plaid is unpleasantly crossed with the bar sinister, though the people of Glasgow would not for worlds permit whistling in the streets on Sundays. Might we venture to call their attention to a slight incongruity here? An extravagance in one pious particular, and a close economy in another, is inconsistent to say the least of it with a desirable completeness of moral character.

It is not agreeable to read that, in 1864, 41,998 bridegrooms and 58,402 brides were unable to write their names. Timidity is an excuse given for the illiterate ladies, but the Registrar-General, with that determined no-nonsense style which pervades his volume, makes this notion over to clergymen, and apparently does not entertain it himself. He says, "Indeed, it may be safely affirmed that 58,402, or 32 in 100, is an understatement of the number and proportion of young women in England incapable of writing, for any practical purpose. And although nothing has been said by the clergy of the timidity of men, it is probable that in this matter and on this occasion the women are as brave as the men, to whom similar remarks are therefore applicable." We are surprised at hearing this, having always thought that fainting, for instance, at the altar, and hysterics in the vestry, were female prerogatives; but the Registrar-General makes no account of nerves or sentiment. He gives a hard, dogged solution of statistical puzzles. For example, he finds that the poorer classes prefer to marry at the end or commencement of the week, for, on Saturday, "the workman is exhilarated by the money which he throws into circulation on the three following days." It is, therefore, during the season of "exhilaration" that he gets married. Fashionable people select autumn, while the festivals of Whitsuntide and Christmas exercise a perceptible influence on the alliances of our friends who are liable to "exhilaration." In country quarters we learn that "the harvest wages of the young swains are often wisely invested in the furniture of a cottage," and among the furniture the Registrar obviously and rather unceremoniously includes a wife. The Registrar now and again writes a clever thing, but whether he intends it or not we cannot decide. "Marriages," he remarks, "as far as the fees are concerned, may be thrown into two classes—cheap marriages and dear marriages." This qualification of "as far as fees are concerned," indicates that though his division might include marriages dear at any price, or cheap at any price, yet, as far as he is concerned, he only wants to discriminate between the pocket expenses of the business. The widows are set out in tabular form. Just half the number of widowers undertook to console the relicts of departed benedicts, as compared with the number of persons in the same condition who made happy the eligible spinsters of their acquaintance. We have always considered that widows were badly treated. They are vilified unmercifully, and there is a growing practice among husbands to warn their wives against a second marriage when a certain condition of the matrimonial contract is discharged. This is unfair. The state of widowhood is based on a false principle, the vidual condition should be transitory, for as a lady once married can never descend to what we might term the lower organization of spinsterhood, so she will best find her chance of satisfaction in a renewal of her former position, and in a resumption of her wifely duties under entirely new management. The report of the Registrar demonstrates that our view is correct; the figures bear us out in the opinion we have formed, and the widows of 1864—or of an earlier date, who ceased to be widows at that period—were more than usually successful in their mission.

To refer to more practical details in the report. There has

been a natural increase in the rate of population, as compared with the previous year, of 587 daily. This is for the fourth quarter of the year—October, November, and December. But the corresponding rate of increase was less than in the corresponding quarter of 1863. There is no very clear reason given for this except that "the weather was cold," and we are significantly informed that "fever and scarlatina have ravaged several cities where the sanitary arrangements have never yet reached the main body of the population." The weddings in the three months ending 31st December were 53,125, or on an average 577 daily. This was an advance on the London rate, and there was also an increase in Wales, Durham, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and South Wales. Captains of vessels reported 380 births at sea. The columns containing the respective sexes of the children are marked imperfect; but still there is that laudable anxiety on the part of the Registrar, which distinguishes every page of this remarkable publication, to make the most of whatever material he has. It is curious that in 1859, 1861, and 1862, there was only a difference of two severally each year in the numbers registered of male and female children. Thus in—

	Males.	Females.
1859 .....	135 .....	132 .....
1861 .....	110 .....	108 .....
1862 .....	146 .....	148 .....

While in the other years the proportion is greater on the part of the males. With reference to Dr. Farr's appendix on the causes of death we do not intend to dilate, as the subject would demand special treatment, and we may return to it on a future occasion. Among the consoling passages of this ghastly record is a statement that, on the whole, the medical attendance of the population is better in England than it is in any other country. We are informed that the London bills of mortality were commenced towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and that at the same period was established the system of having abstracts made of the burials, baptisms, and marriages, in each parish. The bills of mortality were taken in by the citizens as newspapers, "so that they might have the same as a text to talk upon in the next company." We believe, outside the morbid curiosity which fed on those broadsheets, that they were calculated to frighten people into disease, and we should certainly deprecate a renewal of a custom whose only use can be attained by another and more perfect method.

#### A BABBLE OF GREEN FIELDS.

WHEN poor old Falstaff was lying upon his death-bed at Mrs. Quickley's tavern, he "babbled," said his hostess, "of green fields." We need not wonder at this, although we may admire and recognise that marvellous insight into the hidden springs of human nature that should have led our great dramatist thus to note so subtle a touch in the closing career of one whose daily talk had been of so opposite a character. But this, his loose talk with his looser companions, had now slipped off him, and was dropped aside as a disused garment; and, just before he "went away, an' it had been any christom child," his pot-house brawls and quips and drunken revels, the mad doings of Prince Hal and his friends, of Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph, all these faded from his memory, and, sweeping from his brain like a cloud charged with pestilential vapours, left for his last moments a serener sky and a purer atmosphere; and, he babbled of green fields. The sweet perfume of the country had banished, for a supreme moment, the more accustomed vinous odour in which the fat knight must have been steeped, and his thoughts wandered from the Eastcheap Tavern to those rural scenes in which the earlier portion of his life had been passed. They made, it may be, the sole basis of peace and innocence in his chequered life; and it was well that the green fields should come back to him in memory, though it were but for a moment.

And it is to green fields that every one can turn with satisfaction when wearied of town life, town manners, and town associations. The heathen poets fixed their heaven of happiness in elysian fields, and could think of no higher reward for a life of earthly toil than to exchange it for a summer's drowse in ever-blooming meads. To them, the pastures of asphodel and amaranth represented a perfection of bliss, and to recline amid their fragrance was all that the poor human heart could desire. And even Christianity, with its clearer knowledge and higher aspirations, has taken advantage of an idea that is so pleasing to the natural sense; and we have it in yet another shape in "the lotos-eaters," as they rested after their labour where the land "seemed always afternoon," and where there was the "meadow set with slender galingale," and where weary limbs



could be rested "on beds of asphodel." These various ideas may be taken as representing the universal natural longing that comes to those in populous cities pent, to break away from their daily toil amid brick-and-mortar surroundings and seize a moment's breathing time in the green fields, revelling in country sights and sounds. In some sort this longing may be accepted as a sign of the heart's craving for that better land to which we desire to be borne when the fever and fret of life is over. For when the lengthened streets of the City, with all their din of traffic, their heat and dust and distraction, their ebb and flow of the human tide in the great social sea that surges over sin and suffering to wealthy sands of gold or to the cruel rocks of destruction, when all the discordant elements of the man-made town are left behind us and we are brought face to face with nature, then we seem to be carried to another world, where all around is whispering to us of our Creator's love and goodness. For although He has never left Himself without a witness, and although His method and care may be discerned everywhere, yet it is in the great green book of Nature that He has written the records of His marvels in a language that is plainest to be read and easiest to be understood by the unlettered. For this there needs no lore of sage or book-worm's learning; for this the student's midnight lamp need not be kindled. All that is required of those who come to read their Creator's book is a loving heart for its divine Author and a docile spirit to be taught of Him. The rest will follow of itself, and the student will be instructed merely by exercising the will to acquire knowledge. A most royal road to learning is this, where, if the desire be truly felt, the object sought is gained without toil and where the earnest longing opens the eyes of the understanding; so that Nature's great green book may be read with a zest that will never pall, and with an ease that will not admit the thought of possible difficulties to deter from the edifying perusal.

Although the tender green of early spring may be nature's choicest livery, and may invite the poet's happiest thoughts, yet it is at the present season of the year, when summer is in the full meridian of her maturity, that the longing for the enjoyment of green fields comes upon us with a greater craving, and with a force that can scarcely be withstood. Saturated with the town and its toil, the advent of summer thrills us with sensations analogous to those that must be experienced by the young sea-gull, which, cradled in its moorland nest miles and miles away from sight or sound of the sea, yet feels the throb of the wave within its breast, and, almost ere his wings can bear him for the flight, steers his course straight for that ocean which is to be his life's home. And so with us; when June, "the month of roses," has been laid to rest, or when hot, fierce August is slaying us with that thunderous dog-day heat by which this year, after its first chill, stormy days, reduced us to a state of panting subjection to its thralldom, then they who have been baked in the ovens of town begin to cry out desperately that they may receive a momentary coolness and slake their consuming thirst, if only for a minute, by a plunge into the green sea or greener woods. They begin to babble about green fields. And, interspersed among those meadows that have been browned by the sun, there are fields of emerald green, from which the sweet-smelling hay has just been cleared, spread out like smooth-shaven lawns inviting croquet, archery, or cricket. To get away to nature for a time, and to leave art and manufacture to take care of themselves, this is the paramount idea of the season. Learning, laws, art, and commerce may all die, as completely as they were requested to do in the famous young-England couplet—or, at any rate, their animation may be suspended for a time—if only we can escape from them in their town haunts for a brief period, and, as July burns itself into August, and the critical day of St. Swithun has been passed in unclouded sunshine, find a refreshing change in the near neighbourhood of the green sea, and green leaves and green fields.

Most of us are enabled to do this for a longer or shorter period, and with greater or less ease, according to the state of our finances and the needs of our respective avocations; and we all know how greatly the energies are recruited and mind and body healthily refreshed by such a change. To shake off the city dust and smoke, and to wander awhile in this pleasant summer-time into the open country; to fly from the sound of whirring wheels and clanging hammers, and to listen to the sea-mew's cry or the woodbird's song; to leave the dull vistas of streets for the forest aisles of pines and oaks, and the quays and docks with their steamers and shipping for the rushing rivers or the babbling brooks where the trout are leaping and flashing; to dis-

engage ourselves from the crowding throng, intent on their buying and selling, and to exchange them for the sheep and cattle in the homesteads, the pheasants and hares in the covers and preserves—in brief, to wander forth from the man-made town to the God-made country, and there to roam at our own sweet will, and in a desultory fashion to "babble of green fields,"—surely this is no mere transitory and purposeless pleasure, but it is a proceeding that leaves its mark upon us for good, and that supplies us with abundant materials for future profit and improvement.

Sensible as we are, then, of the value of such peeps at nature in her summer dress and of such opportunities to babble of green fields, not in the stifling room of an Eastcheap tavern, but from the close neighbourhood and direct acquaintance with the verdant originals, we would desire to impress upon those of our readers who are themselves appreciative of these benefits that they should lend a helping hand to those special efforts of benevolence that, just at the present season, are brought before us in the columns of our daily contemporaries, and which have for their peculiar object the giving of a day's holiday in the country to town schools, to ragged schools, to destitute children, and to others, both old and young, who, unless thus aided, are not able to get such a treat even once a year. In a case like this so small a sum can give so large an amount of pleasure, and, let us add, of health and instruction also, that we earnestly ask our readers not to fear helping forward such works, even if their donations are limited. Country excursions, treats to Epping Forest, Greenwich Park, the Crystal Palace, and other places, are, just now, projected by numerous benevolent persons who work hard and gratuitously in ragged schools and charitable institutions, and who only ask for a little pecuniary aid to enable them to organize and carry to success a day's enjoyment for the wretched outcasts and poor children for whose temporal and spiritual good they have laboured so long and heartily. To give to "London Arabs" and "town sparrows" a day's summer holiday in the country and an opportunity to "babble of green fields" would be to confer a pleasure that cannot be measured even by the day's enjoyment, and must not be limited to the hours of recreation, for its consequences may develop to important results and lasting benefits.

#### TEMPERAMENTS.

It was the ancients who first established the simple classification of men according to their physical organization, and with the happy sagacity, for which they are justly considered eminent, invented the doctrine of temperaments,—a doctrine, in itself neither uninteresting nor unimportant, of high moment to the physician in the treatment of disease, and not without its advantages to any one who cares for his health,—a doctrine which may well hold a conspicuous place in physiological science, as a fit object for liberal curiosity, and as belonging in general to the history and knowledge of man.

The temperament which, in its external appearance, claims the highest degree of physical beauty is the *sanguineous*. Its forms are moulded by nature to perfect symmetry, and invested with a complexion of the clearest lustre. The hands of the artist have embodied its outlines in the majestically graceful Apollo Belvidere. Its shape is "the dream of love." A mild and clear eye promptly reveals the emotions of the heart; the veins swell with copious and healthful streams; and the cheek is quick to mantle with the crimson current. The breath of life is inhaled freely, the chest is high and expanded, the pulse is active but gentle, the hair light, the skin soft and moist, the face unclouded, and, in short, the whole organization is characterized by the vigour and facility of its functions. The moral character of those who belong to this temperament is equally pleasing. They are amiable companions, everywhere welcome, and requiting the kindness shown to them by gentleness of temper. They are distinguished for playfulness of fancy and ready wit. Of a happy and unsuspecting mien, a contented humour, a frank disposition, they form no schemes of deep hypocrisy or remote ambition. They are naturally affectionate, yet fickle in their friendships: prompt to act, yet uncertain of purpose. They excel in labours which demand a most earnest but short application. They conquer at a blow, or abandon the game. They gain their point by a *coup de main*, never by a tedious siege. They are easily excited, but as easily calmed; they take fire at a word, but are as ready to forgive. Love is their ruling passion; but it is a frolic love, to which there are as many cynosures as stars. It is Rinaldo in the chains, which he will soon break to submit to new ones. Nature has given them the love of enjoyment and blessed them with the gift of cheerfulness. This temperament



is to the rest what youth is to the other periods of life, what spring is to the succeeding seasons: the time of freshness and of flowers, of elastic hope and unsated desire. In the mythology of the ancients, among whom generally character was more distinctly marked, and stood forth in bolder relief, numerous illustrations may be found. We look upon Paris, Leander, Endymion, Alcibiades, Mark Antony, the Duc de Richelieu, Murat, not to mention many others, as types of this sanguineous temperament. Where such men are distinguished for blamelessness and purity, they comprise within themselves all that there is of lovely and amiable in human nature. These are they, of whom the poets praise the destiny which takes them early from the world. These are the favourites of Heaven, who, if they grow old, at least "fill up one monument with goodness itself."

With regard to the preservation of health, we sum up every precept for the sanguineous man in this one: avoid excess. He should take much active, but not violent, exercise. Everything must be done in moderation. Nature has made him prone to indulgence, but has made indulgence doubly dangerous for his constitution and his morals.

The athletic temperament possesses in some respects the external appearance of the sanguineous, but it rises to a colossal stature, and is possessed of extraordinary strength. It implies an excess of muscular force over the sensitive. The athletic man is of an inactive spirit; but let us not be misunderstood in such an unseemly paradoxical assertion. He never attains to elevated purposes or a fixed character; he has no acuteness, no insight into human motives, no gift of eloquence or poetry. He can be made an instrument in the hands of others, but never of himself conceives vast enterprises. The sanguineous man may often become athletic by a course of exercise fitted to give the greatest development to the physical powers.

The mythology of the ancients furnishes examples of this class—in the whole race of the Titans, who thought in their folly that they could scale Heaven, because their strong arms could rend mountains from their bases. But the best example among the demigods is Hercules. The brawny hero, who was perpetually cozened by Eurystheus, was compelled to execute the most frightful labours, turned rivers from their courses, withdrew the dead from the world of shades, and struck terror into the powers of Orcus; and yet was the slave of his appetites and the dupe of his mistress,—shows us an example of this excess of force, and its concomitant mental imbecility. History names no one of this class among the benefactors of mankind. Had we the annals of the amphitheatres of old, we could know what giant son of the human race had won the highest honours for feats of strength. In the unsettled period of the Roman Empire there are not wanting instances of men who gained the diadem of being the strongest of those who joined in the scramble, or won the hearts of barbarian legions, by excelling in the barbarian virtue of mere physical force. There is really less of life, of the true vital principle, in this temperament, than in almost any other. Those who possess it never acquire eminent intellectual distinction, and are ignorant of the refined sensations of a moral nature. Heaven has conferred on them a majestic frame, but doomed them to perpetual mediocrity.

We turn now to the consideration of a class of men to whom the destinies of the world are and have been generally committed; who rule in the Cabinet and on 'Change; who control public business, and guide the deliberations of senates, and who unite in the highest degree sound judgment with untiring energy. Like the sanguineous class, they possess quickness of perception and rapidity of thought; but they have the power of confining their attention to a single object. They are patient and inflexible in their purposes, and, however remote may be the object of their desires, they labour with unwearied toil even for a remote and apparently uncertain end. Their strongest passion is ambition; all the other emotions yield to it; even love vainly struggles against it; and if they sometimes give way to beauty, they in their pleasures resemble the Scythians, who at their feasts used to strike the cords of their bows, to remind themselves of danger. The men of whom we are speaking are urged by constant restlessness to constant action. An habitual sentiment of disquietude allows them no peace but in the tumult of business; the hours of crowded life are the only ones they value; the narrow road of emulation the only one in which they travel. At their birth all the gods came to offer gifts, and the graces alone remained away.

There are other men, not absolutely dull, yet not of lively sensibility; their thoughts are exact, but neither very gay nor very profound. Their ideas come tardily, but with precision.

They are quiet and indisposed to anger, and generally in everything pursue a middle course. They are fond of repose, and would, if left to themselves, sleep away a large part of their lives.

The *phlegmatic* man (for so we will call this fresh class) is tranquil in all his affections—he is never troubled with desperate love. He cultivates, or rather seems naturally to possess, the virtues of prudence and discretion. His conduct is free from excesses; and his vices and virtues are, so to speak, stamped with mediocrity. He easily acquires esteem, but never excites admiration. Though unfit for acting in sudden emergencies, he succeeds perfectly well in labours which chiefly require patience—where gradual advancement is the result of moderate but continued efforts. The British Ministers of greatest note, from Burleigh to Canning, were of the *bilious* temperament. But if we must give a great name as an example, we should take the philosopher and historian Hume. More illustrations may be found among the Dutch, who are nationally of this class.

Turn we now to the *melancholic* man, who unites an habitual distrust of himself and weak indecision in common affairs with obstinate persistence in matters on which he is decided, and undaunted perseverance in pursuing one object. When he has no strong motive to fix him, wavering exposes him to the reproach of pusillanimity. Beauty has a power, inconceivable and mysterious, over him. Yet, while he yields to the temporary influence and dominion of any one who is lovely, he is slow to form an attachment, and if his affections are once engaged, his love bears the seal of eternity. He is sincere in his friendships; slow to forgive an injury, the recollection of which remains almost indelibly imprinted on his memory. Imagination is at all times the strongest faculty of his mind—it creates a world for him, all unlike the real one.

In the happy age which the physiologists are to prepare, the inequalities of temperaments are to be removed and a mixture of the elements is to form a healthful body, the dwelling and instrument of a healthful mind. There will then be no more of atrabilious frenzy, no more of athletic dulness; the phlegmatic are to exchange their inertness for the livelier exercise of their bodies and the cheering efforts of imagination, and the sanguineous to be metamorphosed from frivolity to fixedness, from inattention and indecision to steadfastness of character and firmness of principle.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At each visitation of Asiatic cholera, a peculiar state of the atmosphere has been noted. In Mr. Glaisher's Report upon the Meteorology of London, in the year 1854, he spoke of the three visitations, viz., in 1832, 1849, and 1854, as being characterized by a prevalent mist—thin in high places, dense in low; of temperature above the average for the season; great atmospheric pressure; stagnation of air; deficiency of electricity; and in 1854 of a peculiar blue mist, continuing night and day, under all weathers, such as he had never seen before. From that time till July 30 no similar mist has been seen; though for more than a year—in fact, from the first mention last year of the presence of Asiatic cholera on the Continent—Mr. Glaisher has been daily looking for it. On that day, after an absence of a week from the Observatory, he at once noticed a thin, bluish haze, similar in colour to that of 1854 during the visitation of cholera. This blueness was apparent on all sides; it was sufficiently dense to prevent the bricks on the wall being seen—the wall and everything near was tinged blue. During the following week, this blue rather deepened in colour when rain was falling, and continued without intermission, notwithstanding the week was unusually windy. On Monday, August 6, it was somewhat less dense; on Tuesday there were very heavy squalls of wind and rain; large branches were broken from the trees in Greenwich Park during a squall, yet the blue was always present. On Wednesday, the bricks in the boundary wall of the Park could be distinguished by a telescope, but every thing near was stone blue. This blueness was seen all over Windsor Park and neighbourhood on July 30th, the same day as seen at the Observatory, over Richmond and neighbourhood on August 5th, and Hyde Park on the same day, and seems to be general round London. Dr. Cooper, in his remarks on Asiatic cholera, says that "the existence of this atmospheric miasma has more than once been observed. A thin bluish haze was seen to hang over Varna, at the time of the Crimean war, by persons on board our men-of-war lying off that place, just before the outbreak of the



Asiatic cholera there." The same thing, Dr. Cooper satisfied himself, upon the independent testimony of persons at three different spots in St. Christopher, was seen just prior to the outbreak of the disease in that island in November, 1854; and this fact was fully set forth by him in his report to the Government upon the outbreak of cholera in that place. It was described by all as a "thin, transparent, bluish haze, hanging over the spot, and not affected by the wind." Whatever may be the nature of the disease, the atmosphere is in some way connected with it, and possibly is the means of its general diffusion; and whatever may be the nature of the colouring matter, its being universally spread, all persons must, more or less, be under its influence; and what connection soever this blueness may have with the present visitation, we may not be able to discover, but it is very desirable to ascertain if it has been and is general over the country, and, if possible, to determine its nature and its origin. Of the several other peculiarities of atmosphere common to the preceding epidemics, none are as yet present, which leads us to hope that the present attack may not extend, or be with us long; but so long as the blue state of atmosphere continues, there seems a probability that so long will the cholera continue. It is a curious fact, and one which in a manner seems to bear on the observations of Mr. Glaisher, that in Ireland the potatoe blight is invariably heralded by heavy fogs, and the peasantry have noted this so often, that when the first mist settles over a field, they are in the habit of pointing to it as the very shape and essence of the plague. The foregoing experiences show the necessity for a closer study of meteorological science, which might result in the discovery of one of those hidden agents of death whose presence is so fatal amongst us.

THE homœopathists claim a trial of their system as an agent to resist the prevalent epidemic. What if hospitals were established in which the allopathic and the homœopathic methods should be respectively tested on cholera patients?

THE inventors of weapons of offence, and of armour of defence, are playing a skilful game against one another, and it is hard to say which is likely in the end to have the best of it. No sooner does some one contrive a gun of greater powers than were ever heard of before, than some one else hits upon a new species of iron-plating which is to make ships invulnerable to attack. Thereupon the improvers of artillery go to work again, increase the weight of their shot and the force of their guns, and set the armourer at defiance. In the late war the needle gun mowed down its thousands; but now, according to a story in *Le Nord*, a M. Charles Bernard has invented a species of light coat which renders the happy possessor as indifferent to musket balls as a schoolboy to paper pellets. At the Belgian Tir National the other day, he wrapped himself up in this magical garment, placed himself at the distance of a hundred *mètres* from a good marksman, and calmly stood fire. The result was similar to that with which Mr. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, has familiarized us in his well-known gun trick. M. Bernard did not, indeed, catch the ball, but it fell, flattened and harmless, from the folds of his mysterious coat, which is described as "a flowing garment falling to the ground." The ball, it is added, was only slightly beaten out of shape, and bore on its point the impress of the stuff. It was a conical ordnance ball, and was projected from a cavalry carbine charged with three grammes and a half of powder. Not having yet taken out a patent, M. Bernard would not allow any one to approach near enough to examine the coat; so we must wait for further revelations. If the story be true, another move has been made on the chess-board, and defence for the moment has got the advantage of attack.

FROM the Italian official account of the recent naval action off Lissa—an account compiled from the log-books and memoranda of officers on board the vessels engaged, and not written by Admiral Persano himself—we derive no additional information of importance touching the conduct and progress of that disastrous battle. It is evident, either that the Austrian ironclads were better than those of the Italian fleet, or that they were more skilfully handled. It is also plain that the Italians fought with a desperate valour and a stout persistency which ought to have ensured a more satisfactory result. To the Austrians likewise must be conceded the praise of courage, good seamanship, and clever strategy. The Italian official document, which is signed by the President of the Commission, Rear-Admiral Brochetti, has the candour to admit that the

squadron did not obtain a victory, as it failed both to take possession of Lissa and to destroy the enemy's squadron; but, adds the Rear-Admiral, "it is certain that the enemy has not gained a victory either, and equally certain that the combat of Lissa will always be cited as most honourable for the Italian marine." This, no doubt, is the truth of the matter. The fight was a drawn battle, in which both sides showed pertinacity and courage. The Italians, in their very natural disappointment, should not make a victim of Persano, who is both a brave and an able man.

WE are now close to the time when the September Convention with reference to the evacuation of Rome by the French troops must be either acted upon or broken by the Imperial Government. Negotiations are proceeding between the Emperor and the Pope, and M. de Sartiges, the French Ambassador at the Vatican, is said to have received no orders leading to a belief that the terms of the Convention will be violated or evaded. He counsels the Pope to come to terms with Italy; but his Holiness, we all know, can be obstinate, and is not very likely to do so. In the meanwhile, it is rumoured that Garibaldi means to go to Rome immediately on its evacuation. It is to be hoped that he will be otherwise advised. Better to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the Romans themselves.

GUY FAWKES REDIVIVUS! At three o'clock on Monday morning, say the daily papers, the police on duty at the Houses of Parliament discovered lying about a brown paper parcel, with a slow-match attached to it. It contained nine pounds of gunpowder. The police bore it off, but have been unable to discover the perpetrator of "the trick," as our daily contemporaries delicately call it. Who has been thus preparing for us the heavy blow and great discouragement of a sudden and violent dissolution of Parliament? Is it Louis Napoleon? or some Fenian? or only a fool?

"XYLOPHONE" looks like the name of a shaving paste, or some other barber's cosmetic, and our readers may well be surprised to learn that a Xylophone is a musical instrument. We have heard something resembling it at street corners, but to Mr. Mellon we are indebted for hearing this unique organ at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden. It is not agreeable or instructive to witness a gentleman of Mr. Mellon's ability waving the baton for a solo upon a "Xylophone." The thing is incapable of the least expression, and the culture of a juggler rather than a musician is brought to bear on it, even to produce a noise. We regret anything that would vulgarise those admirable Monday concerts, but if encouragement is given to Xylophones, we may soon have a tongs or a tooth-comb. The educational use of Beethoven or Mendelssohn is completely vitiated by an implement which appears devised for the destruction of melody.

THE Ring makes an effort to redeem the only virtue it would seem to possess by a further exhibition of brutality. Courage, Johnson remarked, is the first of qualities, inasmuch as a man who is not brave has no security for keeping any other; but a prizefighter's valour is the mere instinct of ferocity, prompted by the most despicable motives. On Monday last Goss and Mace fought in a narrow circle with somewhat the same object as the Irish duellists had in selecting a saw-pit for "satisfaction." The two ruffians were evidently contending to show that they intended to do the dirty business which they previously shirked. Goss cried when he was beaten, and we learn that Mace kissed him on both cheeks. This affectionate and Continental fashion is becoming a feature of pugilistic meetings. It must be rather difficult to indulge in a tear with both eyes blackened.

OUR soldiers cost us something; and yet we use them up as extravagantly as if we had them for nothing. The mortality of the 99th, stationed at Kowloon, was excused on the ground that the regiment was tainted with black sheep. It was ascertained experimentally that Europeans could not exist in the climate, a previous detachment having been marched there in 1863, and a due proportion of which died on the spot for military shortcomings. This circumstance appears to have established Kowloon, in the opinion of Colonel Moody, as a fit and proper place for the correction of all pipeclay disorders. To render it more effectual, the men were deprived of the



commonest necessities, and were positively encamped in a cemetery. Another battalion was ordered to Hong Kong, to crowd into sickness and death a dépôt already fixed in the unwholesome barracks. The Hong Kong hospital generally finished what malaria and inefficient accommodation had begun, the infirmary arrangements allotting but 84 feet of cubic air to 195 patients. One of the most curious facts in connection with the business is, that nobody was to blame. There are a few queer ways in the army. For instance, in order that the parade be done as it ought to be in Hong Kong and Kowloon, the soldiers are stifled in huts, and alternately placed on guard during times when noxious exhalations are prevalent. General Guy was the officer under whose directions the destructive evolutions were carried out. The *Times* is hopeless of any good result if such men as General Guy are intrusted with commands, and unless generals of the same tastes and genius were in the service of an enemy, we are exactly of the same opinion.

As long as we continue to hang people we may as well take some pains to hang them properly, and not incur the probability of such horrible scenes as that at Stafford on Tuesday, when an unfortunate man was hanged twice through the gross stupidity and carelessness of the officials. Public decency, if not the criminal himself, is entitled at the least to so much caution as will secure a rope strong enough to bear the weight of the culprit's body, and when there are two ropes in the prison—a new and an old one, an explanation is necessary how it came to pass that the old one was tried first and that the new one was only brought into requisition after the other broke and the man had fallen to the ground. It is not an explanation that the new rope which had been ordered for the purpose of the execution was not delivered at the prison till the previous evening. The adjustment of a rope to the beam can be done in a few minutes; but the assistant warders seem to have thought that when they had spliced a rope left after the last execution to a piece of old rope, and had fastened this makeshift to the beam “with string and parts of the unwound rope,” they had discharged their duty to humanity as well as justice; for, though the new rope had arrived twelve hours before the execution, no use was made of it until the old one broke.

HYDE PARK is no longer to be given over from sunset to sunrise to thieves and prostitutes. It is not quite settled yet how they are to be barred out, but it will, of course, be by the twofold agency of gas and the police. Red-tape has been so far propitiated by common sense that Lord John Manners has consented to “waive his right” to nominate the hundred park-keepers hitherto appointed by the Board of Works, of whom Lord Derby said, with a sly touch of satire, that they were not expressly selected for their ability to provide against disorder and riot. Speaking of Hyde Park, we take this opportunity of apologizing to Mr. Beales for putting faith in a letter purporting to have been written by him to the committee of the Athenæum. This letter, it appears, was a forgery. It stated that the leaders of the mob on Monday fortnight had mistaken their club for the Carlton, and it also contained something like a hint that Mr. Beales would see that the committee was compensated for the damage their club had sustained.

THE coming of age of the Marquis of Lorn, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, to which we alluded in our last week's article “Out of the Beaten Track,” was celebrated throughout the county of Argyll with true Highland fervour on Monday last, August 6th. Inverary in the north and Campbelton in the south were the main points for the chief displays, although the rejoicings extended through the length and breadth of the county to the very “Land's-end” of its peninsula, Cantire. The full title of Lord Lorn is Marquis of Lorn and Cantire (Kintyre), where the Duke has two seats, Limecraigs, near Campbelton, and Machariorch, Southend, at which latter house the family make an annual autumn sojourn. The rejoicings at Inverary extended over three days. The town was illuminated; the ducal castle and park were ablaze with fireworks; and bonfires reddened the sky from Dunagach and the mountain peaks. Tuesday was taken up with Highland games, putting the stone, tossing the caber, running, leaping, dancing reels, flings, and “Gillie Callum,” for which prizes were distributed, upwards of £30 in value. Wednesday was devoted to boat races, duck hunts, &c., for which £21 was given in prizes. At Campbelton the day was observed, by order of the magistrates, as a general holiday.

There was a display of fireworks, and bonfires blazed on the hills from Bengullion to Southend. Public banquets were held, and the occasion was marked by abundant demonstrations of respect and Highland fealty to the head of the Clan Campbell as well as to Lord Lorn, who had personally won the good-will of the people of Argyll.

THE literal truth of the definition of a ship which described it as a prison with the chance of being drowned was illustrated in a case of *Aldworth v. Stewart*, tried before Baron Channell this week. Mr. Aldworth was returning from Australia in the *Red Rover*, and for some reason or other quarrelled with the captain. The entry in the log says:—“On the 2nd of May, 1866, Mr. Aldworth, a saloon passenger, was confined to his cabin for his insolence in putting his hand to his nose to the captain.” Imprisonment for seven days was the punishment by which Mr. Aldworth expiated the crime of “putting his hand to his nose to the captain.” After all, “discipline,” as Mr. Bagnet remarks in “Bleak House,” “discipline must be maintained,” and if the crew were to follow the example of this eccentric passenger, the consequences might be inconvenient. The jury, however, considered that Mr. Aldworth had paid too much for the aggravating pantomime in which he had indulged, and the captain was cast in damages to the amount of £25.

THE EMPRESS CHARLOTTE arrived at St. Nazaire from Mexico on Wednesday, and immediately proceeded to Paris, on her way to Brussels. She revisits Europe at a critical period in the fortunes of her husband's family, as well as of her own. Leopold the First is dead, and the kingdom of Leopold the Second is threatened with absorption by an unscrupulous neighbour. The pride of the House of Hapsburg is brought low, and the ancient throne of Francis Joseph is threatened with almost as many dangers as those which surround the rickety seat of his brother Maximilian. We sympathise with these trials all the more deeply in the case of a Princess who adds to all the virtues that adorn a woman and an Empress, an ability and force of character which make her, it is said, the greatest of the present generation of the Coburg family.

ITALY seems still destined to suffer from the dissensions of her own children. That is a painful state of things revealed by a correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, who says that after the battle of Custoza, when charges and recriminations were bandied about among the Italian Generals, Della Rocca sent a challenge to La Marmora, and La Marmora sent another to Cialdini. La Marmora is also charged with having refused to take himself away from the enjoyment of an ice, in order to attend to the demand for reinforcements sent to him by those Generals against whom the tide of success was setting on the unlucky 24th of June.

It does not seem quite certain yet under which thimble the judicial pea of the Irish Court of Appeal is to be found, but the latest report gives the Lord Justiceship, or at least the office of it, to Mr. Brewster. It seems positive that the Rev. Dr. Samuel Butcher, Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin, and a Senior Fellow, is to succeed the late Dr. Singer as Bishop of Meath. Dr. Butcher is a son of the late Admiral Butcher, and is connected on the mother's side with the Herberts of Kerry. His religious opinions are pretty strong. By what epithet he is to be distinguished from his namesake of Oxford, it may be premature to guess; but it is said that if the one is “soapy,” the other is decidedly “oily.”

PARLIAMENT will have been prorogued by the time these pages are in the hands of our readers. It has been employing its last hours in extending for six months (viz., from the 1st of September to the 1st of next March) the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, and in amending the Extradition Treaties Act in such a way that documents bearing the seal of the French Courts shall be admissible as evidence, without proof being required of a witness sent over for the purpose that they are true copies. Both these matters, it is impossible to deny, have borne a somewhat unpopular character; but the opposition has been feeble, and the discussions have not excited much attention out of doors. On the second reading in the House of Lords, on Monday, of the Bill for the renewal of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, Lord



Kimberley, the late Lord Lieutenant, made some rather alarming statements. He said that few persons, not having official information, knew how formidable was the conspiracy which last autumn and winter existed in Ireland; and that, in the south and west of that country, even the farming classes, whose loyalty is generally taken for granted, would have been perfectly willing to join the rebellion had it really broken out. These things he stated deliberately, after much reflection and consideration. To do him justice, Lord Kimberley admitted that remedial measures are necessary, and he pointed to the defective tenure of land, and to the existence of an Established Church contrary to the convictions of the great majority of the people. But for the remedy of these evils we must await the return of a Liberal Government.

FROM America we hear that the House of Representatives at Washington has been passing unanimously a Bill repealing the stringent provisions of the Neutrality Laws, and modifying the penalties for their violation. The Bill had been previously reported by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, which, in recommending a revision of the laws, "declared that England has given America no cause to respect her sense of justice or regard for right," and also "expressed a strong sympathy for the Fenians." It is said that, on the passing of the Bill, numerous Fenians were in the House, watching its progress anxiously. Of course, it may not become law after all; but its being carried *nem. con.* by the House of Representatives shows how strong is the feeling against this country still prevailing in America.

THE Reformers had a meeting on Wednesday at the Guild-hall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The speeches were real working men's speeches—thorough-going and earnest, but sensible—inclining to manhood suffrage, yet not shutting the door against a moderate instalment of reform—enthusiastic for Mr. Gladstone, yet doing justice to Lord Derby on personal and social grounds. This is a "demonstration" of a creditable kind—a thousand times better than disorderly gatherings in a park, where the honest working man is sure to get mixed up with the blackguard and the rough, to the breaking of heads and the irritation of tempers on every side.

## FINE ARTS.

### MUSIC.

THERE is perhaps no city in the world, not even Paris, where musical performances are so continuous as in London. The old distinctions of season and recess are now, as far as music is concerned, almost obliterated; and operas or concerts are to be heard here all the year round. Mr. Alfred Mellon's annual series of concerts serves well to fill up the interval which would otherwise leave a gap between the close of the Italian operas and the commencement of our winter musical season. Performances by a splendid orchestra almost identical with that of the Royal Italian Opera, varied by vocal and instrumental solos, to be heard for a shilling, must and do attract such numerous audiences that Mr. Mellon has the power to exercise a large influence, for good or evil, over public musical taste; and is responsible according as he uses that influence well or ill. No doubt many of the shilling visitors to these concerts, with the privilege of the "promenade" (not the fittest condition under which to listen to the highest compositions) require the occasional stimulus of music of a light, brilliant, and merely tuneful character, and it is only reasonable that the programme should be varied so as to meet the different tastes and very unequal judgments of so miscellaneous an audience. This variety, however, should, and need, never be obtained at the sacrifice of sound taste. There are as many styles and schools in music as in any other art, and nothing is easier than to frame a selection which shall please the uninstructed without offending the instructed musician; who, if he understand the philosophy of his art, and have sufficiently large sympathies, can admire and enjoy any specimen of any style provided it be good of its kind, from Bach or Handel to Bellini or Verdi. With these principles in view, it seems to us that Mr. Mellon scarcely makes the most of the exceptional opportunity he possesses of advancing popular taste; he concedes too much to the lower tastes of his audience, following rather than leading public appreciation. Thus, at his opening concert on Monday last,—the programme, it is true, comprised Beethoven's sublime overture to "Leonora," Mendelssohn's March from "Athalie," Gounod's "Meditation," on a prelude of Bach; and extracts from a symphony of Schumann, the hearing of which alone would be well worth the price of admission; but the presence of such works should have excluded such a piece of blatant rubbish as the "Canzone Militaire," by one Bevigiani, sung by Mdle. Liebhart,

a clever singer, whom we should have supposed incapable of so misapplying her powers. Plenty of brilliant, showy arias may be found which would please the multitude without offending the connoisseur; but the "Canzone" just referred to is a piece of swaggering imbecility,—a compound of silliness and insolent pretension, having about as much relation to the art of composition as the clumsy tumbling of street urchins has to the art of dancing. But little better was the violin fantasia of M. Wieniawski—as a composition be it observed—his playing being of a high order of executive merit. Fragmentary passages from Gounod's "Faust," some of them played in harmonics with an effect resembling that of a penny whistle, tortured and dislocated without coherence or design beyond that of the mere display of rapidity of finger and bow, formed one of those senseless exhibitions of difficulty surmounted which inevitably remind one of Dr. Johnson's well-known criticism on a piece of fiddling. Surely there are violin concertos and fantasias enough from which to choose: had M. Wieniawski played, with his brilliant and facile execution, one of the lightest of Mayseder's light pieces, the audience generally would have been pleased, while even the severest taste would not have been outraged. Another instance of talent and labour misapplied was the performance of Master Bonnay, a very clever little boy who played with great precision of execution some variations (originally written by Mayseder for the violin), on an instrument called the xylophone—consisting of a series of bars of some hard and resonant wood, struck by a light hammer held in each hand. Such exhibitions, whatever the talent displayed in them, are out of place at these concerts, and stand in violent and ludicrous antagonism to those portions of the programme which really belong to musical art. We repeat, that these concerts are capable of exercising a large influence over public taste, and that the programme may easily be made attractive to all, without offending any.

## THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE Haymarket and St. James's Theatres, temporarily closed by their registered proprietors, and largely deprived of their regular companies, who are either "starring" in the provinces or making holiday, have been boldly opened by Miss Amy Sedgwick and Mr. Edward Hastings, for what is called an "extra season." Miss Sedgwick, at the Haymarket, has trusted to the mature attractions of "An Unequal Match," a comedy written for her in 1857, and in which she first secured the goodwill of metropolitan playgoers at this theatre. The chief members of Miss Sedgwick's company are Mr. John Nelson, Mr. Voltaire, and Mrs. Buckingham White, and the cast of the comedy shows many changes that are hardly improvements. There is no Mr. Compton to delight the house with his Thackerayan portrait of the pompous serving-man, Blenkinsop, and Mr. Buckstone's place is filled by Mr. Voltaire, who is more at home in "old men" than in low-comedy characters. Miss Sedgwick has improved in appearance, and has got rid of some of her staginess.

Mr. Edward Hastings has opened the Olympic with a drama by Mr. C. S. Cheltnam, called "Six Years After; or, the Ticket-of-Leave Man's Wife," which was first produced at Mr. Sefton Parry's Greenwich Theatre. The drama is a continuation of the French drama, adapted by Mr. Tom Taylor, which was so successful at this house, and Mr. Cheltnam has retained all the principal characters. Mr. Horace Wigan, Miss Stephens, and Mr. Neville are not in the cast, but Melter Moss is still played by Mr. G. Vincent; Dalton, the burglar, by Mr. Atkins; and the amusing "swell" by Mr. Soutar. Mr. Vincent's performance has sadly degenerated into caricature, and has lost much of the quaint humour which it had in the original drama.

## SCIENCE.

IN a notice on the medicinal use of carbonic acid, douches, and baths of immersion, employed in various establishments in Germany, Dr. Herpin, of Metz, draws attention to the agreeable sensation of warmth experienced on the first contact of the gas with the skin, which he compares to that of a vestment of fine thick flannel; this sensation is succeeded by that of pricking and formication, and after a time by a burning resembling a mustard sinapism. M. Boussingault relates that in the Cordilleras, near New Granada, carbonic acid is copiously exhaled from numerous fissures in the rocks composed of micaceous schist, and that descending into an excavation about one metre and three-quarters in diameter, and two metres in depth, with a thermometer and graduated tube, to collect the gas, he experienced a suffocating heat which he estimated at about 40° Centigrade, accompanied with a pricking in the eyes. An hour afterwards, upon reascending for the instruments, the same sensations were experienced, and, to his great astonishment, the thermometer only indicated 19.5°, whilst in the fresh air above in the shade it stood at 22.2°. Analysis gave the following composition for the gas:—

Carbonic Acid . . . 95  
Atmospheric air . . . 5  
Sulphurous Acid, a trace.

M. Gaillard has lately brought before the Academy of Sciences a new process for manufacturing the common lucifer match. The wooden slips are first plunged into phosphorus, and afterwards into



sulphur, thus reversing the ordinary mode of preparation. This process is attended with several advantages; the matches are less liable to become spoiled by damp, and, the sulphur being quite insoluble in water, there is less chance of the poisoning of food either through negligence or design, whilst the hardness of the sulphur coating, by requiring slightly more friction for the ignition of the match, diminishes the risk of fire from accidental attrition, &c. A higher temperature being also required for their ignition, they are less liable to spontaneous combustion.

M. l'Abbé Laborde has presented a memoir to the French Academy on the persistence of the impression of light on the retina. It is well known that images formed on the retina do not disappear suddenly, but last about a third of a second. The Abbé has occupied himself with the inquiry whether all the colours of which white light is composed have the same degree of persistence, and has arrived, as the result of experiment, at the following curious law, viz., that the persistence of the impression is in the ratio of the refrangibility of the colour, the colours the most refrangible being the most persistent. Not only so, but they act more quickly, or before the others, so that the organ of vision decomposes white light in spreading the colours over different times, in the same way as the prism disperses them over different spaces.

Amongst those marvels of magic and tales of fairy lore that formed the orthodox belief and staple of romance of earlier generations with a faith more childlike than our own, figured conspicuously those wondrously-gifted precious stones which, set in a ring, warned the wearer by their changing hue against the approach of evil or the waning faith of his lady-love. This old popular belief appears to have had at least a substratum of truth as far as the physical phenomenon was concerned, for at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, a diamond weighing about 4 grammes (60 grains) was exhibited. In its ordinary condition it is a whitish straw colour, but upon being submitted to heat it becomes of a beautiful rose tint, which it preserves for eight or ten days, and then completely loses, and returns precisely to its original colour. This question of the colour of the diamond has an important influence on its value, for whilst it is now estimated to be worth only 60,000 francs, could the rose colour be made permanent its value would rise to 150,000 or 200,000 francs.

A recent number of Virechow's Archives gives an account of some valuable researches by M. P. L. Panum, to determine the variations which take place in the quantity of blood, and in the proportions of its constituents from inanition. The following important conclusions have been arrived at by the experiments:—The proportions of the colouring matter in the red globules is not materially affected—the relation of the quantity of blood to the weight of the body, as well as the relative quantity of its principal constituents (the globules and the fibrine), do not essentially vary—the whole quantity of blood diminishes, but not in a larger proportion than the weight of the body—there is no necessary dependence between the solid principles of the blood considered as a whole and nutrition—the blood proper must be considered not as the material of nutrition, but simply as the agent for carrying this material—neither the fibrine nor the globules are materials of nutrition, but only the albumen, and this diminishes slightly from inanition.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### STATE OF TRADE.

THE commercial public have again been disappointed at the unfavourable tendency in the returns of the Bank, and the sitting of the directors last Thursday, at the time of our last notice, resulted in no further reduction in the rate of discount. There had been a slight demand for gold and notes, as might be anticipated, for carrying on the harvest operations throughout the country; in some quarters ideas were entertained, that if only a downward action were commenced, the signal would be given for a return of confidence, although the state of the reserves did not warrant such in the ordinary course of business. It has been well known, however, in the City, that a large portion of paper discounted at the time of the failure of Overends is approaching maturity, and much of this will have to be, if it has not been already, renewed. A large number of notes, besides, are being hoarded throughout the country against all emergencies, and legitimate trade is crippled by the consequent distrust which reigns in the commercial world. It will be an historic fact, to be recorded hereafter of the year 1866, how the United Kingdom, possessing the largest trade ever transacted in its history, was suffering from a complete paralysis at its centre, and how foreigners within a few hours' postal distance were unwilling to supply the articles of daily consumption without previous cash remittances. How slight is the occasion for all this fear on account of the circulating medium, which amongst ourselves is supposed to have disappeared, will be seen by an examination of the bullion accounts as published by the Board of Trade. For our purpose we will take the year 1861, being a recent period, and one at which the great expansion of imports and exports commenced. We shall find from that time up to the

30th June, 1866, the total registered imports of gold and silver, bullion and specie, from various countries amounted to £146,227,939, the chief portions of which were from as follows:—

Australia .....	£29,358,000
United States .....	37,939,000
France .....	11,940,000
Mexico .....	46,304,000

and the exports during the same period were £126,029,264, of which the chief were to

Egypt (for the East) .....	£48,505,000
France .....	31,655,000
United States .....	7,812,000
Brazil .....	5,190,000

still leaving in our possession the balance of £20,198,673 sterling. Whether this amount be sufficient to maintain the enlargement in the general trade must be an open question; but this statement, we think, ought to be sufficient to allay the panic fear as to any past efflux of the circulating medium from the United Kingdom. At the present moment we stand much more in need of mutual confidence to prevent a complete dead-lock from the existence of an internal drain or absorption, to be hereafter followed by the usual plethora and speculation.

It is not so much the high rates as the sacrifices of property that prove injurious; yet it seems remarkable that with the pressure for the past three months, on reference to the stocks in the bonded warehouse, we observe no diminution in quantities, but rather an increase, as will appear by comparison of the following articles:—

	1864.	1865.	1866.
Coffee .....	23,638,171 lbs. ...	23,690,450 lbs. ...	33,728,475 lbs.
Sugar .....	2,551,953 cwts. ...	3,034,790 cwts. ...	3,386,112 cwts.
Tea .....	106,553,788 lbs. ...	107,972,212 lbs. ...	107,379,611 lbs.
Tobacco ...	54,602,652 „ ...	68,146,753 „ ...	73,313,201 „
Wine .....	14,066,968 gals ...	14,445,106 gals ...	14,867,348 gals.

Although we see no reason to doubt the solidity of general commerce, yet during the existing crisis the state of the agricultural interest, and its bearing upon the subject, may have been overlooked; and we should be glad to have the testimony of the principal country bankers to confirm or rebut our opinion as to the diminution of capital in their hands. It was said by no inconsiderable authority that what are called the agricultural classes had, after reserving from their produce all that is necessary for their own consumption, a sum equivalent to £100,000,000 sterling, to barter with the non-agricultural classes. This was assumed on the previous ten years' average of about 60s. per quarter for wheat; now, the average of the last three years has been 42s., a difference of 25 per cent., and although the prices of live stock have risen, yet the exchangeable capital referred to must have suffered a similar decrease, unless there are other causes to counterbalance. In this we are rather confirmed by the constant decline of the population in the agricultural counties, as shown by the successive census returns, and at the complaints made from all quarters at the scarcity of labour for the coming harvest. This may furnish an explanation of what our present Chancellor of the Exchequer intended to convey to the deputation upon the currency, when he said that in his opinion, there was no want of circulating medium, but an absence of capital at the present moment.

The facilities that have been granted, and the tempting inducements held out for many months past by the joint-stock companies for collecting the lesser rills from all parts to the great reservoirs, and then launching their contents upon the market in the shape of foreign loans, railways, and undertakings at home and abroad, has occasioned a greater transfer of capital than has hitherto occurred in the financial history of this country; and hence the prostration of credit immediately the public became alarmed at the collapse of the great house in Lombard-street.

The Director-General of Customs has published the six months' trade of France. The imports of merchandise were valued at 1,593,500,000f., as compared with 1,182,520,000f. for the six months of 1861. Wool has shown a steady increase from 72,464,000f. to 124,027,000f. The exports of merchandise are as 1,778,664,000f. against 949,199,000f., showing an extraordinary development of trade. Eggs figure largely, having trebled in value during the period over which these tables extend.

Amongst the publications issued during the week we have the "Commercial Reports of her Majesty's Consuls in China, Japan, and Siam," being one of a series published by the Foreign Office; and as we have had occasion to analyse similar documents from the same quarter we cannot but observe the



marked improvement that has taken place. The Chinese consular reports have generally been full of information, but these latter are prepared in a systematic manner, and are, therefore, available for purposes of comparison, either in the details or the general totals of the commerce of different countries to the treaty ports.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE lobby of the Bank of England this morning presented a most extraordinary appearance. Never, either during the past crisis or that which prevailed in 1857, has such a crowd of brokers, dealers, and their clerks, attended to hear the fiat of the directors as to the maintenance of the existing rate of discount at 10 per cent. The deliberations of the court were unusually protracted, and it was a quarter to one, three-quarters of an hour after the time of assembling, that the announcement was made of, "No alteration." It is almost needless to state that the decision was received with profound disappointment. The expectation had been nearly universal that the directors would depart from their policy of restriction, which has hitherto been so inoperative, and revert to measures which would sensibly lighten the present crushing weight upon trade and, at the same time, in all probability, replenish their reserves. It is greatly to be deplored that they have still persisted in the obstinate course of contemptuously disregarding the wants of legitimate commerce, on the sole plea that the state of their accounts does not warrant any relaxation from the extreme terms adjudged in the very height of the crisis. There is one thing very certain, that 10 per cent. has entirely failed either to bring back the notes now hoarded by the public or to have any sensible influence upon the stock of bullion. If, therefore, it does not serve its purpose, why retain it? It stands to common sense that a palliative which turns out to be good for nothing had better be discarded as early as possible.

There can be no doubt that the present course of events and the needless protraction of the monetary pressure are giving rise to much dissatisfaction among all classes of traders, high and low. This feeling takes its form in circulating a variety of rumours, most of which are manifestly untrue, although some doubtless have more or less foundation. The latest is that the leading banks are about to join in a united representation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to urge the necessity of at once authorizing the Bank directors to increase their fixed note issue without tying them down to the limit of a 10 per cent. rate of discount. If this concession were granted it would directly remove the only impediment or excuse against a reduction in the Bank rate. The general opinion is unanimous that the sole bar to a revival of confidence is 10 per cent., and that, until a diminution does take place, it will be hopeless to expect things will be any better. If the banks should thus determine to bring a certain pressure to bear upon the Government, the measure would, in all human probability, prove as beneficial as the similar one adopted by them on the memorable Friday after the failure of Overend, Gurney, & Co.

The high rate of discount does not prevent the export of coin, no less than £324,570 having been sent to Brazil by the steamer leaving to-day, of which over £300,000 was withdrawn in sovereigns from the Bank. Small parcels of specie are also being constantly forwarded to Belgium and other Continental countries. On the other hand, a few thousand sovereigns occasionally come to hand from Egypt, but the supply from thence has been latterly decreasing.

On the Stock Exchange, as in other departments of trade, business has come to a comparative stand-still. It is almost impossible to sell even a moderate amount of stock, since there are few buyers, and money is constantly getting scarcer, owing to the present system of hoarding. Hence prices are generally unsteady, and in some cases—particularly British Railway Securities—a marked decline has taken place. The principal reason is the disappointing dividends almost daily announced, which indicate that the traffic of the past half-year has been anything but satisfactory. In the current six months the prospect appears worse than ever. The suspension of business consequent upon the protracted monetary crisis must tell severely upon all kinds of trade, and will especially affect those lines which depend chiefly upon receipts for the conveyance of goods. What acts upon one source of revenue will also react upon another, since earnings will be less, and the sums available for passenger traffic will be diminished in proportion. The appearances of the autumn are indeed exceedingly discouraging, and if the contingency should unhappily arrive of a bad or even defi-

cient harvest, the consequence will be very considerable distress. A financial crisis, continuing now for three months at a stretch, and how much longer it is not possible to say, will have effectually weakened the resources of the nation until they are become inadequate to bear the final blow of an export of gold in exchange for corn. The latter in itself is quite sufficient to diminish seriously our reserves even when they are at the highest point. Coming now, it would be nearly impossible to exaggerate the evil result.

In the midst of our troubles it is satisfactory to know that from one cause of drain we are effectually relieved. Foreign securities have reached nearly the lowest ebb of discredit through the recent proceedings of the Turkish and Venezuelan Governments, widely as these two last differ in point of honesty. There is not the remotest chance of floating a new foreign loan in this market, and even the recklessness of impending bankruptcy could not persuade the most embarrassed Governments to make the trial. It is satisfactory to know that the British public have come to an end of the system (at least for the time) of fostering the extravagance of Continental despotisms, and encouraging their excessive and unproductive military expenditure by lending every now and then a portion of their savings. If the money that has thus been wasted by credulous English bondholders were added up, the total would rise to an enormous and even alarming figure. The era for these investments, however, has now gone by, and the danger is of a rush into the opposite extreme. An outcry has lately been raised against the calling up of capital for the Indian railways, and yet nothing can be more judicious than to carry out steadily those material improvements in our Eastern Empire which are perhaps more needed there than in any other quarter of the globe. These stocks have also practically the solid security of a guarantee from our own Government, so that what the subscribers have to complain of passes our comprehension.

The shares of the two Atlantic Telegraph Companies have again been flat from realizations by persons who had bought at the previous low prices. They seem, however, now to have touched almost the worst point.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25.15 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce standard, it appears that gold is about 1.10th dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 108½ to 109 per cent. With the present high rate of interest here, there is a small profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

It is reported that at the quarterly meeting of the representatives of the London Joint Stock Banks, it was resolved that in the event of the continuance of the present crisis, a deputation should wait upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer to pray for more efficient Government interference.

Some rather sharp fluctuations have taken place in the shares of the Anglo-American and Atlantic Telegraph Companies, the former having at one period been quoted as low as 10½ to 11.

At the late meeting of the Electric and International Telegraph Company, the net profit for the half-year was stated at £67,524, and a dividend of 5 per cent. for that period was declared. It was decided to carry the balance, £15,030, to the reserve fund which now amounts to £86,380.

The amount of Government bills on India for which tenders will be received at the Bank of England on the 15th inst. will be rupees 35,00,000 (£350,000).

The half-yearly meeting of the Great Northern Railway Company is called for the 25th inst., and will be made special, to determine upon the issue of new stock.

The half-yearly meeting of the North London Railway Company is called for the 22nd inst., and that of the North and South-Western Junction Railway Company for the 24th inst.

The dividend of the Great Northern Railway for the half-year is proposed to be at 5 per cent. per annum against 5½ in the corresponding half-year. The 5 per cent. for the half-year will be £2. 10s. per £100 Original Stock, £3 per £100 B Stock, £2 per £100 A Stock.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—The directors of this company have resolved to recommend to the proprietors, at the half-yearly general meeting on the 16th inst. that the dividend for the half-year ending 30th June, 1866, should be at the rate of four per cent. per annum on the ordinary capital stock of the company.

The accounts of the London and North-Western Railway, though not yet finally audited or approved by the board of directors, indicate a dividend, for the past half-year, at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

The board of directors of the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway have decided upon recommending the payment of a dividend for the past half-year at the rate of £4 per cent. per annum on the consolidated stock of the company.

The discussion in the House of Commons on the subject of the Turkish Four per Cent. Guaranteed Stock is satisfactory, as showing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has the question under his immediate notice. There is every expectation that, with a little perseverance, Turkey will fulfil her obligations.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.\*

MR. LONG's spurs were won some time ago. He has already made his reputation, and, painstaking, accurate, and just as ever, he now produces a second volume of his "Decline of the Roman Republic." The present instalment is as careful as its predecessor, and possesses the merit of being more lively in some of its parts. Dulness is, no doubt, a fault in a history, and it was a rather marked characteristic of Mr. Long's earlier volume. If the great use of history is to give us aid in guiding wisely the course of present events, and correctly presaging future results by an observation of historical parallels, a well-written history should never be dull. No matter how remote the time may be, or how different the scene and circumstances, we ought to see ourselves and our affairs more or less distinctly portrayed in almost every page. The most sagacious political writers have given utterance to remarkable prophecies under the influence of no other inspiration than this; and when viewed as a mine of advice and presage, a good history becomes a Sibylline book, and cannot be dull. But, unfortunately, a good many writers, who might without much difficulty be mentioned, only avoid dulness by great errors, such as the sacrifice of detail, or the unlawful modification of a stubborn fact; and in that case we purchase liveliness at far too high a price. Without in any way relaxing his care or contracting his detail, Mr. Long has certainly contrived to give the student of history a more readable volume than his first endeavour: perhaps because the interest of the subject warms as we come nearer to the mighty throes of the Republic, when the birth of the Empire was at hand; perhaps because the writer has condescended to respond, if it be ever so slightly, to the demands of this impatient age. But his honest, sturdy way of going into everything that is known, and refusing to speculate on what is not known, is no less marked than before. Ornamental imaginings and brilliant philosophising are attractive in the eyes of many readers; but Mr. Long rests his claims on more solid grounds than these, and, if anything, errs still in the way of too much disregarding such avenues to favour. It was once said of the appointment of a certain functionary, that at least he had not resorted to the popular dodges of a candidate in order to secure it; and the same remark will apply to such success as Mr. Long may achieve. In the preface to his first volume, he spoke at length of his intentional dryness, and in the present preface he recurs to the subject in the following words, while speaking of the closeness with which he has reproduced the statements of the historians who provide him with ancient material:—

"It makes no difference sometimes whether a man professes to translate a portion of an ancient writer, or gives it as near as he can without making a translation. The object in both cases is to present the evidence or statement just as it is, without adding to it or taking from it. There are cases in which it is useful for the reader to have the exact words of a witness, that he may be able to estimate their value, and be certain that the modern writer has not altered the meaning of the ancient writer by dressing it in his own words. There is more reason for doing this sometimes than many persons can see, unless they have tried the experiment of making an historical narrative out of insufficient materials. The taste for adding ornament to the simplest facts is now become a fashion, which some writers indulge in to a great extent, and some readers appear to admire. The practice is supposed to relieve the almost unavoidable dulness of a narrative, when the events themselves are not such as to fix the attention and move the feelings. If a man could thus amuse a few idle persons without deceiving them, it would be a harmless pastime; but there are readers who prefer truth to fiction, who think that the romance writer and the writer of history ought to have different purposes, and find the bedizening of plain facts with fine words a very tedious and not a clear way of writing. The love of ornament certainly leads both to the imperfect representation and the misrepresentation of facts."

It will be seen that Mr. Long is not a writer of the modern school of historians. He does not lay himself out to reconstruct, to invent, to modify, scarcely to harmonise. He takes the material as he finds it, and reproduces it honestly, informing his readers from time to time how much or how little weight is to be attached to the authority on which he speaks. If two accounts are given of the same event by different early writers, he simply quotes the two, and confesses that they are two, instead of making up a Mosaic harmony. His aim is in no way to write a series of elaborate historical essays, still less to establish the truth or probability of certain preconceived opinions of his own; the latter, a most usual and most dangerous failing on the part of historians. He is not a partisan, making historical material prove his point triumphantly, with a ready pliancy equal to the proverbial facility of statistics. The allusive historical essay, with its rapid outline sketches and its profusion of brilliant speculation, is attractive in a high degree, and in as high a degree instructive to the prepared and competent student, even as the partisan historian provides useful and interesting food for a mind thus stored with touchstones; but neither of the two is history, properly so called—the painstaking and accurate guide of those who know not or know little, and yet wish to learn. The truest method of writing a history is when the author contents himself with stating facts clearly and in good order—a work of great labour which the essay-writer avoids by

sheltering himself under allusions which may mean one thing or another, and by not committing himself to categorical statements, except on safe points. To a careful reader, well acquainted with his ground, it is sometimes plain that the rapid step with which the essayist strides among his facts, and the demi-masque in which he half reveals and wisely half conceals his meanings, are the result and the indirect confession of a hazy appreciation of the real history—an essential weakness which underlies a large proportion of the slashing leading articles of our daily press.

Some years ago, Mr. Merivale published a volume on "The Fall of the Roman Republic," as an introduction to the history of the Romans under the Empire. It is not surprising to find that Mr. Long and he agree as to the starting-point from which such a history should begin. The death of Cato the Censor destroyed the last link which bound the rising and changed generation of Roman statesmen to the good old traditions of the ancient Commonwealth. The sturdy simplicity and moderation of the Roman died with the great Censor and that which he represented. The overthrow of Carthage, almost coincident with Cato's death, removed the most salutary check which could be devised for a nation such as that which centered in the city of Rome. The fear of a powerful enemy, who "three times victorious half unpeopled Rome," had kept within bounds the growing luxury of the Romans, and had dwarfed, for a time, the importance of the great class questions which needed only peace, or a considerable lull, to spring forth in their full and overwhelming significance. The conquest of Greece gave a powerful impulse in the direction of arts and luxury, and at the same time provided the means for obeying that impulse. When breathing-time was given by immunity from foreign wars on a large scale, the attention of active minds was turned inwards, and the revelations of the Gracchi exposed the symptoms of a foregone political disease which needed a sharp political remedy, which the attempt to apply led naturally to faction and violence. Here was cause enough of internal disruption, which did not fail of arriving at maturity, till, in process of time, the Republic passed from its decline to its fall, and the Empire was established under Octavius. This was the period of Mr. Merivale's history, and Mr. Long's limits are much the same. The first volume carries us from the death of Cato to the year 105 B.C., and the second to the death of Sertorius in 72 B.C., commencing thus with an account of the Roman disasters and successes in Gaul, and ending with the triumphs of Pompeius. It will be seen at once how stirring a course of events the volume under review disposes of; and for the orderly and accurate way in which the work is done, Mr. Long deserves all praise. He is a writer whom we can always believe, unlike those showy historians whose rounded periods and philosophical continuity and symmetry so often suggest the question, Is this history pure, or history mingled with romance? Marius runs his long course through these pages with his supplanter Sulla, whom the Emperor of the French calls Publius, while Mr. Long prefers Lucius. An interesting chapter on the organization of the Roman army under Marius prefaces the account of that general's successful engagement with the barbarian hordes, which may be classed with Charles Martel's victory in its effects. Mr. Long, by the way, would have improved the appearance of his pages if he had not promiscuously accorded two terminations to a moiety of the enemy, who figure indiscriminately as Teutones and Teutoni. The earliest mention of the Britons is connected with the voyage of P. Licinius Crassus to the Cassiterides, when he found the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles and the extreme point of Cornwall "wearing black cloaks and tunics which come down to the feet, and are fastened about the breast, walking about with sticks, and resembling the juries as represented in tragedies." Strabo, indeed, from whom the account of this visit is taken, only says that P. Crassus conducted the voyage; but Mr. Long agrees with his authority, Freinsheim, on whom he places very great reliance, that it was the P. Licinius Crassus, so well known on other accounts. Whether earlier Romans had reached Britain may not be certain; but this is the first name recorded in connection with a Roman knowledge of the island. The complicated concerns of the Italiotes, and the agitation which ended in the mysterious death of M. Livius Drusus, are related with much succinctness, and the Social War, which resulted from claims that might have been more constitutionally adjusted but for the death of Drusus, is treated with all the care so important a series of occurrences demanded. The Emperor Napoleon's preference for the title, "War of the Allies," instead of the conventional and misleading Latinism, "Social War," might with advantage have been adopted by Mr. Long. The remarks on the *municipium*, and on other difficult questions connected with the citizenship of Rome and the meagre share of power granted to the allied Italiotes who won the battles of the Republic, are judicious, and are evidently the result of a careful study of such passages of ancient writers as touch upon these intricate questions, as well as an appreciative knowledge of the investigations of Savigny ("Jus Italicum," &c.). Of Sulla's character, Mr. Long prefers to speak in the words of ancient writers, observing at the same time that we cannot say how far we may trust all that is reported of him. A Roman of his days cared little for human life; indeed, human sacrifices were first forbidden at Rome so late as B.C. 97, and Sulla only exceeded other Romans in caring still less for it than they. So long as he could conciliate his friends, he had a ready method of dealing with his enemies; he simply suppressed them—exterminated them, in fact. The French Revolution has opened the eyes of the modern world to what man can do when fear and revenge, cupidity and hate, are let loose in the midst of

\* The Decline of the Roman Republic. By George Long. Vol. II. London: Bell & Daldy.



civil discord ; and Sulla had besides a victorious army, so that, on the whole, it is not difficult to believe anything we may be told of the excesses he and his friends committed. He had one advantage over Marius, who was always brutal and cruel ; he was fond of pleasure, loved shows and wine and women, delighted in a joke, and could originate as well as appreciate witty sayings. With Sulla's death, and two elaborate chapters on his reforms, Mr. Long's volume draws near its close. Sertorius and Pompeius play out their game, and with the defeat and death of the former we are left to wait for another instalment of the "Decline of the Roman Republic."

Such a history as this leads to a question whether we gain more in impartiality than we lose in minuteness by the meagreness of detail handed down to us, and the length of time which has elapsed since the occurrence of the events treated of. Some writers hold that even Thucydides was to a certain extent disqualified as an historian by the fact that he lived during the times whose history he recorded. Others sigh for the accounts of eye-witnesses of the occurrences of ancient history. It might have been an immense advantage to us had some Roman Russell left us a legacy such as future generations will receive at our hands. To have had the Austrian correspondent of the *Times* quartered within Alesia, wandering about through the *oppidum* with a pass from the headquarters of Vercingetorix, or accompanying Caesar in the campaigns in which that general was his own historiographer, would have been of considerable value to us. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to imagine the bewilderment into which we should have been plunged with respect to the social life of the Gauls in time of peace, had the Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* blessed by his presence the court of their chiefs, Gergovia, or Avaricum, or Bibracte, and left us his lucubrations. The sources of ancient history are comparatively very meagre, but at any rate we have them well and thoroughly worked up by such writers as Mr. Long. If there were more voluminous materials, we might have more repetitions of the essay of Père Daniel, who, on proposing to write a history of France, was shown, as a commencement of material, fourteen hundred folios of royal autograph letters, charters, private correspondence, and so on. The Father became frightened with the amount of the first instalment, and decided, like Robertson's antagonist, Stuart, that what was printed was more than he could read ; the consequence being that Boulainvilliers counted ten thousand mistakes in the resulting History of France.

#### THE HISTORY OF SIGNBOARDS.\*

HERE, for once in a way, is a subject which has scarcely been touched upon before. The busy race of antiquaries, poking about in the odd dusty corners of human knowledge, have hitherto, strangely enough, passed over with but slight notice the fruitful topic of signboards and their history. The boards themselves, or their modern representatives—the illuminated panes of glass let into gaslamps over public-house doors, or the symbols of trades still exhibited at some shops—literally stared them in the face ; but, somehow, they were not noticed with the fulness which they deserved. For not only are many curious phases of old manners preserved in these ancient trade-marks, but even little bits of history and quaint personal anecdotes have been thus embalmed for posterity, and illustrated for the benefit of all who either run or read. The politics, the religion, the prejudices, the predilections, the personal likings and antipathies, the fashions, the manners, and the morals of our ancestors, found expression in these strange devices ; and it may be said, without exaggeration, that the daily life of our forefathers is revealed in signboards even more than in ballads and libels. Signs often took the colour of the prevailing mood ; could be loyal in contented times, and seditious in the days of trouble ; were witty, or profligate, or pious, according to the fashion of the hour ; and not unfrequently enlisted genius itself in their service. As many of the old London street cries were set to music (if we may believe tradition) by no less a man than Purcell ; so Hogarth, Wilson, Morland, and other artists of fame—in our own times, Mr. Millais—occasionally employed their brush in the glorification of some favourite hostelry. The same thing has been done in foreign countries ; Correggio, Holbein, Paul Potter, Watteau, and Horace Vernet, being among the Continental painters who have executed signboards. Literary men, too, have written about them, sung about them, and joked about them, almost from time immemorial ; Acts of Parliament have been passed for their regulation ; the State itself has been at times their patron, and at times their enemy. There is accordingly a great deal to be said about these standing advertisements of the merchant and the tradesman ; but, until Messrs. Larwood and Hotten took up the subject, the materials for its illustration were allowed to lie untouched, except in brief occasional articles, and a few incomplete and little-known books. The volume before us is therefore unique, and a more singular and attractive addition to antiquarian literature we have never seen. Works of this description are often inexpressibly heavy : the production of Messrs. Larwood and Hotten is, on the contrary, full of entertainment on every page, and almost as pregnant of anecdote as the "Curiosities of Literature" itself. The book has evidently been most laboriously compiled, and the authors have collected,

from actual observation and from research in books, a large mass of information which they have set forth to the best advantage. Omissions and mistakes are undoubtedly to be found ; but this was unavoidable in the exploration of a field which, as we have said, has hitherto been scarcely stirred by the plough.

Signboards are about as ancient as anything else. The Egyptians had them ; so had the Greeks and the Romans. Some of the Roman signs are found preserved in the remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and a few are engraved in the present volume. The sign of a shoemaker—a flying Cupid, bearing aloft with him a dainty little pair of lady's boots—is extremely graceful, and in the true spirit of classical art. From the Romans, probably enough, we of north-western Europe derived the custom of hanging out signboards ; but the habit seems to have been greatly developed in the Middle Ages. One reason of this, according to our authors, was that in former times "the houses of the nobility, both in town and country, when the family was absent, were used as hostels for travellers. The family arms always hung in front of the house, and the most conspicuous object in those arms gave a name to the establishment amongst travellers, who, unacquainted with the mysteries of heraldry, called a lion gules or azure by the vernacular name of the *Red* or *Blue Lion*." These tokens of "good entertainment for man or beast" came in time to be adopted by the tavern-keepers as a rough-and-ready way of calling attention to their places of business ; and hence the great prevalence of heraldic signs over public-houses. The lions, dragons, griffins, boars, swans, eagles, and other "fearful wild fowl," which we see about the streets to this day, in connection with houses of public entertainment, are all probably to be traced to this chivalric origin ; as the "Crowns" and "Mitres" are attributable to some specially loyal or ecclesiastical feeling on the part of the original landlords, or to the fact of the houses standing on royal or church land. We must not forget, however, that until about the middle of last century signboards were not confined to public-houses. Every tradesman had his sign, for, as the houses were not then numbered, some other mode of distinction was a necessity. It is exactly one hundred years ago that signboards of the old fashion—that is to say, large framed pictures, supported by heavy beams and elaborate ironwork, and projecting several feet from the house-front over the roadway—were put down by Act of Parliament. They had been disappearing gradually for some time ; but their dissolution was expedited by the interference of the Legislature. Their existence was unquestionably a nuisance, and something more. Not only was their creaking noise, as they swung to and fro in the wind, very doleful music, especially at night to a person lying ill or sleepless, but their weight often crippled the houses, and in gusty weather they sometimes came crashing down, to the no small danger of the passers-by. Worse than this, their number was so great in the business parts of town that they very materially interfered with the passage of light and air, and in the narrower thoroughfares almost met overhead. In the seventh year of the reign of Charles II., an Act was passed forbidding the hanging of signboards across the streets, and their size had been curtailed in much earlier reigns. But the law appears to have been defied systematically ; and a French traveller in England in 1719, and another in 1765, speak of the enormous dimensions of these pictures. According to the earlier writer, some of them cost upwards of a hundred guineas ; but the chief part of the expense was probably for the actual material employed—the timber and ironwork—and also for the ornamental gilding, as the "art" exhibited in the paintings themselves was generally of the poorest, and (except in the special instances to which we have alluded) the production of ignorant botchers. Shortly before the abolition of signboards, however, Bonnell Thornton, the wit and essayist, got up an exhibition of them, as a burlesque on the exhibitions of the Society of Artists. This was in 1762. Hogarth was on the "hanging committee," and Thornton, in his published catalogue, described the collection as an "Exhibition of the Society of Sign-Painters, of all the curious signs to be met with in town or country, together with such original designs as might be transmitted to them, as specimens of the native genius of the nation." The Exhibition actually took place : it was held in Bonnell Thornton's chambers in Bow-street, where a shilling admission was charged. The catalogue is an elaborate affair, in which the manner of ordinary art catalogues is very happily burlesqued ; but the names of the "artists" are of course fictitious, though "Hagarty" is apparently meant for Hogarth, who seems to have done some things on purpose for the Exhibition. The whole of the catalogue, and some correspondence on the subject which appeared in the papers at the time (for the gentlemen of the Society of Artists were very wroth at the indignity put upon them), are published in the Appendix to Messrs. Larwood and Hotten's volume ; and a strange piece of drollery the catalogue is. One thinks of the laughter it must have created a hundred and four years ago, and of the laughers now hushed in death.

Inconvenient as the signboards were in many respects, they answered some useful purposes. They were a kind of landmarks, by which strangers found their way about the streets ; and, in the absence of numbers, the occupants of private houses would sometimes identify their residences by saying they were next door, or next door but one, to the Golden Fleece in such and such a street, or over against the King's Head in such another. At night, however, owing to the height at which the boards were hung, and the faint illumination of the oil lamps, the signs were often only visible as so many dark masses in the air ; and accordingly the more enterprising tradesmen resorted to other means of attracting attention

\* The History of Signboards, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Jacob Larwood and John Camden Hotten. With One Hundred Illustrations in Facsimile by J. Larwood. London : J. C. Hotten.



after dark. Dr. James Tilbrogh, a German *medico* of the last century, advertises that he resides "over against the New Exchange in Bedford Street, at the sign of the Peacock, where you shall see at night two candles burning within one of the chambers before the balcony, and a lanthorn with a candle in it upon the balcony." Signs were sometimes made to give expression to popular feeling in a very singular way. On the beheading of Charles I., Taylor, the Water Poet, signified his indignation as a Royalist by putting up, as a sign over his tavern in Phoenix Alley, Long Acre, the Mourning Crown; but he was soon compelled to take it down. The Puritans caused several of the signs which seemed to smack of a Popish origin—such as the Salutation of Our Lady, the Catherine Wheel, &c.—to be changed into something different; and it is said that the Goat and Compasses is a relic of those serious times, being a modern corruption of "God Encompasseth Us." A hundred years later, in the days of Wesley, a religious chap-book was published, the object of which was to "spiritualize" the signs of London, "with an intent that when a person walks along the street, instead of having their (*sic*) mind filled with vanity, and their thoughts amused with the trifling things that continually present themselves, they may be able to think of something profitable." But the signboards could be on the side of carnal indulgence as well as on that of godliness. On September 28, 1736, all the tavern-signs in London went into deep mourning, in consequence of the Act prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors; but the Act was very short-lived, and the taverns went out of mourning with the revival of their trade. One really tragical story in connection with an inn-sign is familiar to the explorers of the byeways of history, though probably not generally known. A publican in Cheapside, in the reign of Edward IV., said jokingly, that he would make his son "heir to the Crown," meaning the house which he kept, and which bore that sign; but the pleasantry cost him his life, for he was beheaded for high treason.

Some of the oddest signs in London or elsewhere are those called "compound signs." What, for instance, is to be made out of such a strange designation as "The Salutation and Cat"? The first part would seem to be an abbreviation of the old Papistical sign already alluded to; but what has the cat got to do with it? Some others are almost equally strange; such as the Angel and Still, the Angel and Woolpack, the Bishop Blaize and Two Sawyers, the Crown and Woodpecker, the Halfmoon and Punch-bowl, the Lamb and Anchor, the Lamb and Breeches, the Sun and Last, the Swan and Sugarloaf, &c. The authors of this "History" suggest that many of these mysterious combinations resulted from the landlord of a certain well-known house moving to another equally well-known, and uniting the two names without any reference to compatibility or sense. This is very probable, and indeed it is difficult to conceive by what other process such anomalies could have arisen. In connection with the Salutation Tavern in Holborn, by the way, a good story is told. According to a Royalist pamphlet, published in 1649, "a hotte combat" happened there about that time. It seems that "some of the Commonwealth vermin"—such was the writer's complimentary designation of the Republican soldiers—had seized upon a Mrs. Strosse, on suspicion of her being a loyalist; but she, being "an Amazonian virago," as the chronicler of her achievements admiringly calls her, threw pepper into the eyes of her enemies, "disarmed them, and with their own swordes forced them to aske her forgiveness, and down on their mary bones, and pledge a health to the King, and confusion to their masters, and so honourabli (!) dismissed them." This feat so moves the writer to admiration that in a kind of transport he exclaims—"Oh for twenty thousand such gallant spirits! when you see that one woman can beat two or three."

Public-house signs are not without ghostly legends in connection with them. Near Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, there is an alehouse called the Black Dog, the adoption of which sign "arose from a legend that a spectral black dog used to haunt at nights the kitchen fire of a neighbouring farmhouse, formerly a Royalist mansion destroyed by Cromwell's troops. The dog would sit opposite the farmer; but one night a little extra liquor gave the man additional courage, and he struck at the dog, intending to rid himself of the horrid thing. Away, however, flew the dog, and the farmer after him, from one room to another, until it sprang through the roof, and was seen no more that night. In mending the hole, a lot of money fell down, which, of course, was connected in some way or other with the dog's strange visit. Near the house is a lane still called Dog-lane, which is now the favourite walk of the black dog, and to this *genius loci* the sign is dedicated." Of signs having a grim or moralizing character, we may mention the Devil, the Devil's Head, the Three Death's Heads, the Four Coffins, and the Cradle and Coffin. A very quaint title is one in Charles-street, Berkeley-square—"I am the only Running Footman." It represents one of the couriers of the great men of former times—fellows employed to run before the carriage, to clear the way, to bear torches at night, to pay turn-pikes, and to signify generally that a duke or a marquis was coming in pomp and glory. These lackeys were dressed in rich liveries, and carried silver-headed sticks. They were mostly Irishmen, and remarkable for their speed and lightness. One of them ran for a wager to Windsor against the Duke of Marlborough in a phaeton with four horses, and lost only by a short distance; but he died soon after.

We have only been able to glance very cursorily at the immense mass of curious gossip contained in this singular volume—a volume in which the reviewer finds himself really embarrassed by riches.

We must note, however, one or two points which will require correcting or supplementing in a future edition. The White Hart, in Southwark, is mentioned as an existing inn, but it was destroyed about a year ago. The Tabard, close by—Chaucer's Tabard—will be equally an affair of the past in about a year hence. The Spread Eagle, in Gracechurch-street, is already gone; and, in these days of metropolitan railways and monster hotels, it is probable that in a very few years many more of the old London hostelrys will have disappeared. Messrs. Larwood and Hotten should keep an eye on this, and report progress—the progress of dissolution—when they next appear before the public in connexion with their present subject. The illustrations to this "History of Signboards" must not be forgotten. The frontispiece is a facsimile of Hogarth's sign—still to be seen at a public house in Oxford-street, near Soho—called "A Man Loaded with Mischief." This is coloured in imitation of the original, and is an interesting specimen of popular art in the middle of the eighteenth century. The other illustrations are copies of old and modern signs (chiefly the former), and are executed with great spirit. Altogether, the book is one of the best specimens of antiquarianism we have seen for a long while—a volume abounding in oddity, in information, and in entertainment.

#### TRANSLATIONS FROM EURIPIDES\*.

Not long ago, we had occasion to notice in this Journal, among other translations, a beautiful version of the "Bacchæ" of Euripides, from the pen of an accomplished scholar, the Dean of St. Paul's. We commented there upon the especial suitability of that play for translation, because it surpasses all other plays of Euripides in picturesque description: indeed, we may fairly doubt whether in this particular it has any rival in the existing specimens of the Greek drama. Mr. Cartwright, in the volume of translations now before us, has selected the "Medea," and the two plays of which Iphigenia is the heroine, for translation. These plays, though more distinctly characteristic of the Euripidean manner than the "Bacchæ," are, we think, less satisfactory for the translator. Upon the merits of Euripides as a poet, the world never has been and never can be agreed. It must inevitably happen that one set of his readers will accept the unfavourable verdict which Aristophanes so loved to pass upon him; while others will set themselves in direct opposition to this sentence, and may end by going as far as Mr. Cartwright himself when he says:—"It seems to me that Euripides hardly yields to Æschylus in grandeur, or to Sophocles in grace and tenderness; and that his delineations of character, his views of life, and his superiority to many of the prejudices of his age, give him some real advantages over both." While we readily concede that passages of real grandeur may be found in Euripides, we cannot help asking those who rate their poet so highly, where they will find anything in him which even distantly resembles that tremendous sense of power underlying the utterances of Æschylus; or that gradual revelation of fearful truths which is found in the Chorus of the "Orestea"—the slow development of purposes—the resistless march of inevitable destiny. Grant that Euripides is more minute in the details of character, more exhaustive and more subtle in the discussion of a question, more sceptical, and, as we should now say, more rationalistic, than his predecessors, still we cannot find in this anything to atone for what we lose in the genius and poetical dignity which mark the two other poets of our trio. Shall we appear very prejudiced in the eyes of Mr. Cartwright, if we confess that Euripides seems to us not to have noticed the sharp line which parts the sublime from the ridiculous, and through this defect to have spoiled what we should call the "situations" of his tragedies, and not seldom to have descended *per saltum* into the most prosaic comments uttered in the most prosaic phraseology? We cannot help thinking that Mr. Cartwright fails to see this infirmity in his author, because he himself sympathises too much with him. If Euripides is sometimes sadly prosaic for a poet, Mr. Cartwright is sometimes unnecessarily prosaic for a translator. A single instance will make this radical defect more evident. Medea, in a really fine passage, debates with herself whether she shall slay her sons in revenge for Jason's faithlessness. There is the natural struggle in her heart between the mother and the outraged wife, and the vindictiveness of the latter, as we know, gains the day. When she takes her children off the stage to kill them, the Chorus occupies itself, while the fearful crime is being perpetrated, with the discussion of the following question:—

"I say that those who hold themselves aloof,  
And have no progeny, are better off  
Than those who have. The childless, who know not  
By long experience whether children prove  
A joy to men, or rather bring them grief,  
Escape a number of anxieties.  
Those in whose houses dwells a blooming race  
Of children, I behold o'erwhelmed with care  
Throughout their lives, first to support them well,  
And then secure their future maintenance.  
Besides all this, 'tis an uncertainty  
Whether the children for whose sake they toil  
May turn out well or ill."

All this is very true, but it is very "ordinary." In the "Iphigenia

\* Translations from Euripides. By J. Cartwright, A.M., formerly of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: D. Nutt & Co.



in Aulis," the Chorus seems to have made up its mind on the question; for it broadly states:—

"It is a mighty charge  
To have a family—and impulses  
Which all experience, compel mankind  
To labour for their offspring."

But, perhaps, a touch of his bitter misogyny drove from the poet's mind every other thought; for he puts in the mouth of the Chorus the following words, which might be unpopular to the majority of a modern audience:—

"O marriage, fruitful source of varied woe,  
What evils hast thou brought upon mankind!"

At the same time, recurring to our former passage, we cannot help thinking that *δεινὸν τὸ τιττεῖν* has a much more simple meaning than the sententious phrase, "It is a mighty charge to have a family." But let us take one or two more instances of the same kind. Perhaps we may be excused for writing a few lines from the "Medea" (308) in the ordinary form of prose, to which they seem better suited:—

"He who brings wisdom's novelties before the ignorant, appears to them a fool, and not the wise man that he really is; while he who gets a better name than some who plume themselves on their accomplishments, will still be deemed a nuisance in the town."

And we might add, as belonging to the same type, such a passage as the following, from the "Iphigenia in Aulis":—

"My brother, then, by dint of argument, made me consent to this atrocity; so, writing an epistle to my wife, I told her to bring on her daughter here."

It must certainly, we think, be conceded that a great deal of what Euripides wrote is very prosy and very commonplace; and if Mr. Cartwright's translation seems to come dangerously near to this style, we might fairly say that he has only been a little over-conscientious in representing his author's peculiarities, or has evinced somewhat too much sympathy with them. But when he claims for Euripides so much dignity, grandeur, and poetical feeling, it is impossible not to believe that he has failed in doing justice to the original. And certainly the selection of a decided modern phraseology has the effect of aggravating this fault. For instance, although we may not much admire in a lyrical song the expression *παισῶν μορφαῖσι πολυπλόκοις*, yet it seems to belong to a different type of thought to "chess—that game of complex interest;" and in the same way, we think that *θαῦμα βροτοῖσι* has not found its best rendering in "who seemed to be the gen'ral wonder;" nor *οὐκ ἀναισχυντον τόδε* in "how gross and how indelicate is this!" Surely it is a caricature of the didactic sayings in Euripides, when the Chorus is made to utter, in language which lies halfway between Dr. Watts's hymns and the copybook—

"How sad it is when brothers disagree!"

And yet it is but an exaggeration, for the same Chorus in the same play seems bent on being didactic again, and, when the doomed Iphigenia, on taking leave of her native country, cries—

"O, farewell,  
Land of my birth, Pelasgia! farewell,  
Mycenæ and my maidens!"

the irrepressible Chorus rejoins—

"'Tis the town  
That Perseus founded, and the Cyclops built!"

But, though we have had so much to say upon this propensity in Euripides, and the evident sympathy for it in his translator, we should be loath to do injustice to the many noble and touching passages which the plays contain, and of which Mr. Cartwright gives us an adequate version. One of the finest is the speech in which Iphigenia has made up her mind to die for the sake of Hellas. The whole passage, unfortunately, is too long for quotation. She asks—

"Ah, why should I  
Be so in love with life? I was not born  
For thee alone, but for my country's sake.

And if Artemis  
Deign to accept this body, how can I,  
A mortal, stand against the will divine?  
No! no! I freely give myself to Greece.  
Slay me! devastate Troy! this monument  
Will stand for long, and it will be at once  
Alliance—offspring—immortality.  
Greeks o'er Barbarians should rule, and not  
Barbarians o'er Greeks; for they are slaves,  
And we are free."

Mr. Cartwright tells us he has done his work "without much reference to scholarship alone." We do not feel sure how much this implies, but an examination into various passages makes us fear that it is an acknowledgment of considerable inaccuracy. We say nothing of the orthography of such names as Chalcas and Erynnides, which are, of course, impossible forms; but we are tempted to compare one of the Choruses of the "Iphigenia in

Tauris" with the original, to see how far the version is trustworthy:—

"O Halcyon! sweet ocean bird,  
Whose plaintive voice is often heard  
Upon the rock-encumbered sea,  
Singing those elegies of woe  
Which understanding men well know,  
For from the wounded heart they flow,—  
In sorrow for a husband lost to thee.  
With thine I mingle my lament,  
Thou wingless bird! on hope intent  
Of seeing feasts of Argive men,  
And rites of Artemis again.  
The delicate and full-tressed palm,  
The verdant laurel's deeper calm,  
The shooting olive light and fine,  
Latona's favourite anodyne (!)  
And the bright water circling on  
To music of the vocal swan."

Here we must remark that the Halcyon is not the *Apteryx dinornis* of modern ornithology; it is the leader of the Chorus who calls herself a "wingless bird"—a bird in her likeness to the Halcyon and its fate, but wingless because she was a woman. Again, must we lose the characteristic title of *λοχία* to Artemis, which no doubt bore a particular significance to the speaker; and need we dispense with *ἡ παρὰ Κύνθιον ὄχθον οἰκῆ*, which is absolutely necessary to give the required reference to Delos? Perhaps we might take fair exception to "the verdant laurel's deeper calm," for *δάφναν εὐεργία*; but what we really want to know is the meaning of "Latona's favourite anodyne." As it stands, it could only imply that Latona made a very tempting stomachic out of "the shooting olive light and fine," against which interpretation, fact and poetry rebel. Doubtless, *Λατοῦς ὠδῖνα φίλαν* is a strange expression; but there are two possible renderings of it, one being to refer *ὠδῖνα* to Artemis, and to render it "dear child of Latona" (the common Euripidean use of *ὠδῖς*)—in which case the words from *ἡ παρὰ Κύνθιον* to *ἐλαίας* must be considered parenthetical; but Mr. Cartwright has made this impossible by omitting the line which contains the governing words. A second and more artificial interpretation is to refer *ὠδῖς* to the preceding *θαλλὸν ἐλαίας*, and to render "Olive cui innixa Latona peperit Dianam." But ought not our translator to have looked up these things for himself?

Perhaps our readers will have already asked themselves this pertinent question: if Euripides is so inferior to Æschylus and Sophocles, why has so much more of his writings been preserved, and why was he so popular? The question is a very fair one, and perhaps admits no perfectly satisfactory answer nowadays. The preservation of the plays may partly be the result of accident; but we must also remember that Euripides wrote up, or rather down, to the popular taste of the day, which enjoyed nothing so much as that subtle and sophisticated discussion of doubtful questions which forms so large an element in these plays. Nor must we forget that to follow and appreciate a play of Æschylus required all the hard work of close thought and attention which some people are unwilling, and some unable, to give. If you go into any circulating library, you will find far more marks of wear and tear upon the pages of "Aurora Floyd" than upon those of "Romola."

#### THE PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.\*

THERE is much in this book that good taste should have prevented the author from writing; and there is also some superfluous matter which the reader would willingly be spared from perusing. But, although we do not think it a commendable practice for a medical man to rush into print with a minute account of the ailments, manner, daily behaviour, and casual observations of a patient, and although we certainly attach no value at all to the opinions with which Dr. Craven is good enough to favour us on a variety of subjects, we readily admit that, in spite of these drawbacks, he has produced a very interesting volume. He has evidently been most assiduous in noting down Mr. Davis's conversations; and we think there is internal evidence that his report is substantially correct. It is certainly full of spirit and character. As an officer of the United States, he is not likely to exaggerate the hardships or indignities to which the captive was subjected; and we may therefore accept his narrative as decisive on many points on which much contrariety has hitherto prevailed.

The treatment of Jefferson Davis during the first few months of his captivity was thoroughly disgraceful to the Government of the United States. They had a perfect right to take all the precautions requisite for his safe custody; and they were not called upon to make his imprisonment more endurable than it would be in the nature of things. Generosity is a virtue of "imperfect obligation," and no one can be blamed for not exhibiting it. But there was more than mere want of magnanimity on the part of the gaolers. Everything was done to irritate, annoy, and insult the prisoner. He was made the victim of a series of petty persecutions, and was exposed to needless hardships from which he was grudgingly relieved, only on the urgent representations of his medical attendant that their further continuance would endanger his life. He was confined in a damp and unhealthy casemate; he

\* Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. By Brevet Lieut.-Col. John J. Craven, M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co.



was subjected to the insult of fetters; for some time a couple of sentries were posted in his room, and for a longer period he was constantly watched; he was supplied with the coarsest food, until it was ascertained that he could not digest it; he was compelled to take his meals at hours arbitrarily fixed by his gaolers, and not at those which suited his own habits; he was denied the comfort of books; his wife's letters were opened and read by the commandant of Fortress Monroe; he was actually prevented from changing his linen as often as he wished; and when the weather became cold, his doctor had the greatest possible difficulty in obtaining a great coat for him. Discreditable, however, as were these proceedings on the part of the authorities, we must confess ourselves not very favourably impressed with the manner in which Mr. Davis met them. There is a disagreeable and, at times, even an unmanly querulousness in the tone of his complaints; and when we contrast his bearing with the calm dignity, the self-control, and the patience, which have often been exhibited by European State prisoners under far more severe sufferings, the comparison is not to the advantage of the Confederate ex-President. It must, however, in fairness be said that Mr. Davis is a man of a highly nervous temperament, and that his health is in a very unsatisfactory state.

Apart from the defect we have mentioned, we see much that is attractive and striking about Mr. Davis. His tone of feeling is kind and generous. His piety seems deep and unaffected. Although, as we have said, a little querulous, there is nothing morose about him. His mental activity, his memory, and his range of knowledge, are equally remarkable; and his intellectual powers must have been cultivated most sedulously throughout his life. He has evidently a keen love and affection for literature and art, and a considerable acquaintance with both. He has been a close observer of the habits of animals, *apropos* of which more than one good story will be found in this work. A dog-fancying officer of the United States army found Jeff. Davis his master. On one occasion he favoured his visitor with a dissertation on cock-fighting; on another, he gave a little essay on horsemanship; as we turn over the leaves, we hit upon a discussion on the mission of women; and Colonel Craven assures us that he found his patient thoroughly well up in ophthalmic surgery, which his partial loss of sight had no doubt led him to study. In fact, he has clearly one of those restless, inquiring minds to which no knowledge ever comes amiss; while his caste of thought, his general way of looking at things, and his varied tastes and sympathies, are altogether those of the best kind of Englishmen. If the space at our command were greater, we would willingly dwell upon his miscellaneous opinions, which are almost always fresh and vigorous in expression, even when they can boast no particular originality. As it is, however, we must confine ourselves to noticing his views on one topic which has a special importance at the present time—the recent improvements in naval and military warfare. England's naval supremacy he considers lost by the invention of ironclads, which convert the conditions of maritime warfare from a question of dexterity and personnel into one of machinery. His ideal man-of-war is a wooden-bottomed turret-ship, with a considerable power of submersion on going into action. Rifle cannon he admits to be best at long range; but in his opinion all engagements with ironclad vessels must take place within a few hundred yards, and then the slow, crushing shot of the smooth bore is the thing needed. Of the Rodman guns now in use in the United States army he expressed strong approval; but he added that, for perfection of elaborate detail and workmanship, no guns he had ever seen were superior to some of those which the Confederate Government received from England.

The merits of the generals on both sides were freely criticised in the course of conversation. Mr. Davis seems to have a high opinion both of McClellan and Grant; but, while doing full justice to Lee, he did not conceal his impression that General Albert Sydney Johnston, who was killed in one of the early battles, was the ablest commander the Confederates had ever had. Of Bragg, Pemberton, and Hood, he spoke far more kindly than most military critics are inclined to do; while his animadversions on General Joe Johnson showed that he still retained the strong dislike to that officer which he manifested throughout the war. Passing from soldiers to politicians, we find him expressing in warm and generous terms his admiration of Mr. Lincoln. It is almost needless to say that he repudiated with the utmost indignation the charge of complicity in the late President's assassination, pointing out at the same time that the event was one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befel the South.

Naturally enough, Mr. Davis does not take a sanguine view of the future of the negro in the Southern States; but we must decline to attach any great importance to his views on that point. We cannot, however, err in accepting him as an authority when he assures us that the Southern people are most anxious to re-enter the Union, to forget all past differences, and to become once more loyal subjects of the United States, provided they are liberally and generously treated in the matter of reconstruction. If there are any, he says—and we can well believe it—who nourish old grudges, they are not the men who fought, but those who skulked throughout the civil war. With regard to the Fenian movement he held very decided language:—

"The present Fenian movement for Ireland was a farce to make angels weep. The last attempt was in 1848, when the population of Ireland was more than a million larger—the movement originating at home, and all Europe in a convulsive and volcanic condition. History gave no example of an oppressed race that had accepted exile, returning with success to liberate their native land. The aristocratic

refugees of the French Revolution, indeed, got back to their country, but only under the swords of a combination in which England, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and the German States were enlisted, with their whole military resources. It was a mere catch-penny clamour of designing demagogues in its cis-Atlantic aspect; nor could he see that in Ireland there was organisation, or even a vigorous purpose to accomplish the object proposed. England's control of the sea was absolute, at least so near home, against any less combination than the navies of France and America. To land men or arms in any sufficient quantity in Ireland would require some desperate sea-fights by navy with navy, and a transport fleet, costing for vessels and their equipment not less than some hundred millions. The men engaged in this matter must be either fools or rogues. He had no special cause to love England, nor dislike; but such impracticable and pigmy threatenings of her empire would be ludicrous, if not too sad. Against the rocks of her coast, storm-clouds of a thousandfold the Fenian power had dashed with clamour of waves and mist of spray, but next morning the sun shone bright again, the air was calm, and only in a shore strewn with wrecks could evidence be found of any past commotion."

Amongst the most interesting portions of this book is a full and animated account of Mr. Davis's flight from Richmond, and subsequent capture; but it is too long for quotation, and a dry summary would do no justice to it. That is one of the many good things which we must leave the reader to discover for himself in a work which certainly does not number dullness amongst its faults.

#### THE REIGN OF RICHARD II.\*

It was the peculiar fortune of the fourteenth century to exhibit at once the height of feudal chivalry, and the rise of popular feeling both in religious and political questions. The reign of Edward III. formed the crowning point of English feudalism; henceforth it was on the wane, and "Demos" asserted his opinions in all quarters of England with a uniformity which shows the wide spread of doctrines averse to the established order. Richard II.'s accession, introducing the principle of representation, upon which fact Mr. Langmead justly insists as important, might seem an augury of peace and prosperity. But the child of that Black Prince who had been so loved by the English people was not worthy of the affection his descent inspired, and did not know how to preserve the loyalty which had so jealously guarded his accession. The love that would have borne him through all dangers from the Lancastrian party, Richard rejected to his cost, and the counsellors whom he delighted to honour drove him to his ruin. The wealth of England during this period was no doubt very great, but the social state of the large body of the people, still kept in practical serfdom, was an evil that cried loudly for redress, and prevented the country from being really prosperous or peaceful. The English peasantry were not alone in this degraded state. France suffered from the same cause, and experienced similar effects. "Jacques Bonhomme" would not be contented with serfdom, any more than his English brother; hence in both countries destructive outbreaks. What was it to the "villein" that a Lord Mayor could entertain three foreign kings, besides his own Sovereign and the Black Prince, at his house in the Vintry, and make them "handsome presents"? The elements of disturbance were close to the surface, and only wanted an occasion to burst forth. Wat the Tiler, and John Balle, the heretical preacher, were eagerly seized upon as leaders; their theories of liberating England would have reduced it to a desert, but the King's promptness stopped the revolution in its early stages. This was not the sole occasion on which Richard showed that he had the Plantagenet courage; but it was only exhibited fitfully, and availed him little against the want of judgment which his entire reign makes evident. His infatuation for De Vere, whom he created Marquis of Dublin and Duke of Ireland, is strongly put by Froissart in quaint language, which we cannot resist quoting from Mr. Langmead's pages:—"Il était si aveugle de ce Duc d'Irlande que si il dit, 'Sir, ceci est blanc,' et il fut noir, le Roi ne dit point du contraire." Besides all these concurring grievances, there was a Socialism in the Lollard teaching prevalent at this time, which could not fail to bring about open breaches of the public peace. Probably Wycliffe's followers went beyond their master in this as in other respects; but much of the highly-strained and excited feelings of the people must in truth be laid at the door of the rector of Lutterworth. Yet he was a man eminently pious and upright, as even a Pope's pen testified, and he was second to none in philosophy and the learning of the schools. This is in great part the witness of his own age, which also condemned him for the supposed dangerous tendency of his opinions. Richard's marriage with Anne of Bohemia tended to spread Lollardism, which was so prevalent at one time as to give rise to the expression of Knyghton, that "a man could scarcely meet two persons on the road without one of them being a Wycliffite." The insurrection of the villeins, as Mr. Langmead shows, was really a blow to Wycliffe and his patron, John of Gaunt. The whole question of villenage is a very interesting but obscure portion of Mediæval English history; we do not know the various steps by which the free "Ceorl" of Anglo-Saxon times became the "Villein" of Richard II.'s reign, nor, again, how from that point of degradation a gradual change for the better took place; and we should welcome further researches into this dark corner of legal antiquarianism.

To the constitutional history of Richard's reign, Mr. Langmead

\* The Reign of Richard II.: the Stanhope Prize Essay for 1866. By T. P. Taswell-Langmead. London: Rivingtons.



pays the attention that might be expected from a member of the learned Society of Lincoln's-inn. The conflict always subsisting between Chancery and common law was hot in the fourteenth century, and the writ of subpoena, so cherished in later years, excited strong animadversion from the Commons in the reign of the Black Prince's son. The tenth year of Richard is deservedly marked as the period from which the impeachment of Ministers became an established right. Few tales of fiction are more full of romantic incident than the rise and fall of the De la Poles, whose fortune it was to be the cause of settling this question in the person of Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and Lord Chancellor. Not without feelings of enmity did the old nobility see the son of the Hull merchant their King's favourite, and holding all manner of offices of trust, while his connection with De Vere rendered him still more unpopular. Richard, at first bold in his assurances of protection, was forced to give up his favourite, and Arundel was made Chancellor in his room. The threat of deposition was certainly made use of to terrify Richard; probably the actual idea of carrying it into effect was not yet in men's minds. Parliament was to outdo the King's own desires in its servility before it came to the resolution of acting on the precedent of Edward II., and deposing Richard. Concerning the King's actual fate there is still great uncertainty. Mr. Langmead follows the Scotch and French writers in holding that he effected his escape, and fled into Scotland. That there was some one in Scotland who was at least believed to be Richard is certain; but of course this does not prove the identity. If we are to take Créton's word, the body exposed to public view was that of Maudelyn, a priest bearing great resemblance to Richard; but this leaves us in utter uncertainty as to the real end of the deposed King. We had rather believe in his escape than in his miserable death at Pomfret Castle; but, till further evidence is brought on one side or the other, we must leave the question with the unsatisfactory verdict of "Not proven." The escape is, however, asserted as a fact in that very useful, though occasionally too dogmatic, work, the "Annals of England," to which Mr. Langmead refers as supporting his view.

The glimpse we get of Richard's outward person and character, as seen by his contemporaries, would seem to show that his reign could not well have had a different ending. Richard had much of the beauty for which his mother, "the fair maid of Kent," had been so celebrated; but he was "abrupt and somewhat stammering in his speech, capricious in his manners, and too apt to prefer the recommendations of the young to the advice of the elder nobles. He was prodigal in his gifts, extravagantly splendid in his entertainments and dress—timid as to war." This last characteristic deserves a passing notice; it comes from the pen of a French chaplain, and we must remember that Richard was always endeavouring to promote peace with France, though his Parliament and people thought such a policy treason to England. Perhaps we may take this sentence as an expression of the opinion of France at the time, and conclude that Richard did not gain much by his peace policy. There was still fresh in men's minds the memory of successes and reverses on French fields, which rendered long continuance of peace impossible, and the days of an *entente cordiale* were yet far off. This friendship for France is mentioned as the proximate cause of Richard's fall by many writers. So all he got for his pains was the hastening of his untimely and mysterious end, with the vague praise of a French chaplain, who, in the same passage from which we quoted before, says, "Yet there were many laudable features in his character; he loved religion and the clergy, and encouraged architecture." That is the sum of the good our chaplain can say of one who, more than almost any other English King, alienated the affections of all classes of his subjects. To those who want a pleasant yet serious companion in threading the mazes of this remarkable period, we commend Mr. Taswell-Langmead's Essay as an able and impartial review of the tangled web of Richard II.'s reign.

#### RUSSIA AS IT WAS.\*

THESE are very amusing sketches; they pleased us when first we read them, and they please us still in their collected form. For their accuracy we can vouch from personal knowledge of what Russia was under Nicholas. What it is under his amiable and enlightened successor is not brought forward so prominently by the anonymous author as we could wish. He may, however, fairly reply that sufficient time has not elapsed since the wise reforms inaugurated by Alexander II. to work any great change. The greatest change of any attempted by the reigning Czar was the abolition of black mail, without which nothing could be done in Russia. Bribery was supreme in the Czar's dominions—more powerful than the Czar himself—more powerful even than the police. Mr. Morley tells many an amusing story of how he got out of all sorts of difficulties by the help of a "consideration." He wanted a passport changed; it was done, contrary to rule, by the help of a few roubles. He got into a row with some horsedealers at Moscow, fell into the clutches of the police, and slipped out of them by putting a rouble into the hands of each officer. His wife lost a diamond ring, and went to lay her complaint before the police; it cost him ten roubles to withdraw the matter, which would have detained him six months, and involved him in endless worry and trouble, without his recovering the ring after all.

The Russians are an amiable, intelligent people, apt in learning, compassionate toward the wretched, and respectful towards their superiors. They possess the materials of a fine race, but were rapidly going to ruin under the management of the most infamous bureaucracy that was ever devised. We once heard a Russian say: "I do not know who invented it; it is too bad even for hell." All the best virtues of mankind are crushed out in a police-ridden country; the citizen has all the vices of a slave, without even that independence of spirit which the slave sometimes exhibits. The author, by many incidental touches, shows how deep the canker had eaten into the life of Russian society; and, though Alexander, already justly entitled to the praise of "the great and good," has effected many reforms, the evil cannot be eradicated in a generation. Not long ago, it was a common thing for the police to get up conspiracies: the rich escaped by heavily bribing the authorities; the poor and those who would not pay were sent to Siberia. A high functionary at St. Petersburg had for many years embezzled large sums of the public money, but, as he was the friend and partner of one of the chief police agents, no one informed against him, and his crime was discovered by the purest accident. For eleven years, the Governor-General of one of the largest cities in the empire was distinguished for the most vexatious and brutal tyranny, and the most flagrant dishonesty. He was dismissed at last, not because of his extortions and cruelty, but because he had carried his contempt of the law so far as to permit his married daughter openly to contract a second marriage. Nicholas heard of it through the gossip of the drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg; but the secret police gave timely warning to the offending couple, who got out of the way, not by a secret flight, but by a leisurely journey in open day, as if they were the most innocent of travellers. When Prince Pierre Dolgoroukow, one of the heads of the liberal party, was arrested in 1843 for some political offence of which he may or may not have been guilty, and was offered his liberty if he would pay the police 25,000 roubles (say, £4,000), he refused to give the bribe, and in a few days was exiled to Viatka. In that same town of Viatka, the secretary to the council of regency had an original way of extorting money. A tradesman or a peasant would wait on him, and, after stating his business, would get a gruff "Go to the devil" for his answer. As the suitor turned away disheartened, a clerk would ask him:—"What reply did the secretary make to you?" "He bade me go to the devil."—"Well, then, you must go." "I do not understand you."—"Do not you know that the devil gives audiences twice a week at such an hour and at such a house in such a street? Go there; you will find it to your advantage; only you must pay him well." Of course the suitor went, and was shown into an ill-lighted room, cut in two by a partition. "What do you want," asked a voice from the other side. He told his business, and the pretended devil replied—"Put so much money on the table there, and go away as fast as you can; your business shall be attended to." The devil made a large fortune by this pretty trick.

In the fifth chapter, our Englishman tells a story of the risk he ran through saving a man from drowning, contrary to law; and, as the man eventually died, he might have had to pay the drowned man's master a large compensation. Another time, a peasant had hanged himself in an outhouse attached to Mr. Morley's premises, and his servant had cut him down. Here was a pretty dilemma, as the police might have made him responsible. To square the matter, they tied the body up again, and then left him until the authorities heard of the suicide through another channel. We remember a case of a man who was injured in the street by a cow; he was taken off to the hospital, where he lay some time, and on his recovery was charged with the keep of the cow, which had been detained at the police-office, awaiting his convalescence.

Everybody knows that serfdom was the crowning evil in Russia. Like slavery, it might suit a certain epoch of society, but that epoch had passed away. To liberate thirty millions of people was a task from which the boldest reformer might well shrink, and the most terrible prophecies were uttered as to the result of emancipation. Indeed, there were many people who tried their best to fulfil these prophecies by causing agitation. They succeeded in the government of Kazan, where 17,000 serfs collected, and set the law and their masters at defiance. They were not put down until some hundreds had been shot by the military. How the serfs received their freedom at Evanoffsky is humourously told by the author in his last chapter. The serfs were very grateful, but, like Oliver Twist, they wanted more. This is one of the great defects of the Russian character. Pay a Russian ever so much for his work, he whines and begs for something more. It is a saying, that the first word a Russian child utters is "prebavit," add to it. As the people become more independent, they will grow out of this bad habit, and learn to trust to themselves.

All Russians are liars. If you ask a man a simple question, he looks you in the face as if to read what answer you want, and replies accordingly. One does not expect tradesmen behind their counters to tell the truth; they do not tell it even in our very moral and religious country. But the Russian retailer goes beyond the license of the shop, quoting "God's truth" (*yea boch*) for every lie he utters. "Words do not hurt your pocket," he will say in justification. The Russian is also a thief, but not to the extent our traveller mentions. He was victimized as a foreigner by his servants; but, if he had gone to work in the right way, he would have allowed none but his chief servant (male or female) to rob him. Theft is not peculiar to Russia; the South Carolina planter used to be robbed by his slaves, and in China *tuum* is always

\* Sketches of Russian Life Before and During the Emancipation of the Serfs. Edited by Henry Morley. London: Chapman & Hall.



considered a portion of *meum*. The members of the "starrie verra," or old faith, a sort of Greek Cameronians, are honest beyond reproach; but then they are a caste apart, whose notions of uncleanness are apt to be carried to startling extremes. A woman of this sect was engaged as cook in an English family. Her first step after her installation was to destroy all the crockery in the kitchen as unclean. A new outfit was supplied, and things went on pretty well until a dog got into the kitchen, and poked his nose into the pots and dishes: smash they all went, for he had defiled them. The lady gave a dinner party, to which the men brought their dogs. When the feast was over, the scraps were collected and given to them; but the consequence was that the Wedgwood dinner service experienced the same fate as the kitchen earthenware. The English matron may think that this was purchasing honesty at too dear a rate; but the Anglo-Russian housekeeper was of a different opinion.

One of the best institutions in Russia is the Post Office. So far as English experience goes, there is probably not more dishonesty than in our own Post Office. It preceded us in a cheap and uniform rate—five copecks for a letter written within any Government, ten copecks (fourpence) for the whole empire. The author of these sketches tells how a money-letter, addressed to a friend who had changed his residence, travelled in search of him to every place in the empire bearing the name of Evanoffsky—over the Ural Mountains into Siberia, back to Odessa, Kief, Karkoff, and, after a tour of about 30,000 miles, at the end of fifteen months found its way to the sender, unopened.

Next to the Police Office, the Custom House is the rottenest institution in Russia. As every functionary is bribable, your only trouble is the amount of "consideration" you are willing to pay for any prohibited article; and, to ease your conscience, an "expeditor" is at hand to clear the goods for you. To attempt to pass anything without the help of this go-between, is infinitely more costly than bidding at an auction against the brokers. You will have to pay five or six times more than the duty, even if you succeed in clearing the goods at all. As for smuggling, that goes on in broad daylight; every sentinel or Custom House officer is bribed to look the other way as you pass. Pianos are heavily tarified, but you enter them as "machinery," and they pass free "for a consideration." Is there, then, no honest trading in Russia? Yes, there are plenty of honest men, but they are forced to bend to public opinion and the low state of morals around them. The English and French traders soon get as bad as the rest; but the worst of all are the Germans—far worse than the Russians themselves.

#### COUNTRY LIFE IN NORWAY.\*

WE must confess that until this little volume, containing one of Herr Björnson's most popular works, was put into our hands, we were quite ignorant of the existence of so charming a writer; and for what little we now know of him we are indebted to the translators, Augusta Plesner and S. Rugeley-Powers. From their short biographical notice we gather that he is the son of a clergyman, and was born in a lonely parish of the Dovre-Fjeld, in the year 1832. In boyhood and in youth, he was as dull as many boys frequently are who attain to eminence in after life. His body strengthened at the expense of his brain: he was a "ne'er-do-well," always in mischief, and, as he seemed incorrigible, he was to be sent to sea, that he might be tamed. In school, he was always on the lowest forms with the little boys, but out of doors he was a madcap, and the ringleader in every mischief. In due course he went to the University, and there he was plucked—probably the best thing that could be done for him. But, if he would not read, he would write, and about this time actually composed a drama, which (stranger still) was accepted by the manager of the Christiania Theatre. It must have been a curious composition, this "Valburg," as it was called, for as yet the author had never read one dramatic work, or been to the theatre more than twice. Greater familiarity with the stage opened his eyes to the defects of his play, which he persuaded the manager to return to him, and for some time after he devoted his time to dramatic criticism. Then for a time he turned to magazine-writing, struggling hard against pecuniary difficulties, and "tormented by the most cruel persecution." In the absence of other information, we believe this "persecution" to have been the work of those whom he had offended by his theatrical criticisms. At Upsal, and afterwards at Copenhagen, he found rest, happiness, and congenial associates. Here he laid the foundations of his literary fame by writing the first half of the "Synnove Solbakken"—the tale which was destined to place him in the foremost ranks of Scandinavian writers. After this, he was for two years manager of the Bergen Theatre, and, removing thence to Christiania, edited—does he not still edit?—the *Aftenbladet*, one of the leading Norwegian journals.

It is evident that Björnson is the stuff which heroes are made of: he has energy and fire, and has passed through those inner conflicts which are the test of every man of genius. He may be fairly said to have commenced a new era in Norwegian literature. A great reform began in 1814, when Norway was separated from Denmark, but the Danish influence still prevailed, and until 1857 no work had appeared unimpressed with the Danish stamp. Then a comparatively unknown writer published the "Synnove Solbakken," and Herr Björnson became famous. "Arne" is one of his late com-

positions, and a sweet, simple idyll it is—a strain of rustic music from beginning to end. The story is nothing—a mere thread on which to hang the most delightful sketches of Norwegian life and character. Much of the charm of this class of writings depends upon the language which throws what we may call a local colour over the story. This, of course, we miss in the translation; but we can praise it nevertheless as good, sound, idiomatic English, with the slightest *soupeçon* here and there of a foreign origin, which by no means detracts from its beauty.

The little volume begins and ends with a wedding, and quaint enough are the marriage customs of those far-away people in the bosom of the Dovre-Fjeld. Imagine a fine sunshiny day in autumn, after a shower in the night has brightened up everything, and as it were washed the dust out of the air. Over the Swart water—a dark, deep lake between the mountains—a number of boats are steering towards the church, the men rowing in their white shirt-sleeves, the women with light-coloured kerchiefs on their heads, sitting at the two ends. Baard Böen's daughter is going to be married, and of course he keeps open house. People go in and out as they please, partaking of the refreshments presented by the father and the two young bridesmen. Baard wears his holiday suit: a round black cloth jacket and frieze trousers, off which the dye comes, making his hands blue. In other places, the weddings are not quite so pastoral, and are made an excuse for drunkenness. Suppose we stand with little Arne near the church, and try to listen to the violins, whose music is every now and then drowned by loud, wild shouts. As soon as the bridal party has entered the carriages, off they dash from the church doors: two fiddlers lead the way in the first. Next come the bride and bridegroom, the former decorated with the hereditary crown and ornaments, as we saw them at the International Exhibition of 1862. Then follow the rest of the train, all driving furiously, the horses white with foam, the men sitting in the women's laps, and the little boys behind; in the last carriage of all comes the purveyor of the feast, with a cask of brandy in his arms. This is a fit prelude to the wild orgie that sometimes follows. At these revels, Arne's father used to distinguish himself both as a dancer and a musician. With his boot heel he could kick off the hat of the tallest man in the room. Here is a description of what is called the *halling*:—

"He handed his fiddle to another man, took off his jacket and cap, and stepped smilingly into the middle of the room. They all came round to look at him, just as they used to do in his better days, and this gave him back his old strength. They crowded closely together, those farthest back standing on tables and benches. Several of the girls stood higher than all the rest; and the foremost of them—a tall girl, with bright auburn hair, blue eyes, deeply set under a high forehead, and thin lips, which often smiled and then drew a little to one side—was Birgit Böen: Nils caught her eye as he glanced upwards at the beam. The music struck up; a deep silence ensued; and he began. He squatted on the floor, and hopped sideways in time with the music; swung from one side to another, crossed and uncrossed his legs under him several times; sprang up again, and stood as though he were going to take a leap; but then shirked it, and went on hopping sideways as before. The fiddle was skilfully played, and the tune became more and more exciting. Nils gradually threw his head backward, and then suddenly kicked the beam, scattering the dust from the ceiling down upon the people below. They laughed and shouted round him, and the girls stood almost breathless. The sound of the violin rose high above the noise, stimulating him by still wilder notes, and he did not resist their influence. He bent forward; hopped in time with the music; stood up as though he were going to take a leap, but shirked it, swung from one side to the other as before; and just when he looked as if he had not the least thought of leaping, leaped up and kicked the beam again and again. Next he turned somersaults forwards and backwards, coming upon his feet firmly, and standing up quite straight each time. Then he suddenly left off; and the tune, after running through some wild variations, died away in one long, deep note on the bass. The crowd dispersed, and an animated conversation in loud tones followed the silence."

We need not say another word to recommend this book to our readers.

#### NEW NOVELS.\*

MR. YATES always writes cleverly and in an amusing style; but there is a want of variety in the plots of his novels, which detracts considerably from their merit. In "Broken to Harness," he told the story of a married couple whose happiness was rudely disturbed for a time, but restored at last, and placed upon a firmer basis than ever; and as he told it well, he made it very interesting to his readers. In it, as in "Land at Last," they were called upon to sympathize with the feelings of a model husband suddenly deserted by his wife, and they responded with alacrity; but whether they will do so again with equal readiness is somewhat doubtful. The situations in the three books are too much alike; though it is true that in the first case both the husband and the wife survived the shock of their separation and re-union,—in the second story the husband becomes a widower,—and in that now before us the wife becomes a widow. Still, we should be glad to see Mr. Yates strike

\* *Kissing the Rod*. By Edmund Yates. Three vols. London: Tinsleys.

*Lionel Mervail*. Three vols. London: Routledge.

*King's Bayard*. By the Hon. Mrs. George Gifford. Three vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

*A Troubled Stream*. By Charlotte Harcourt. Three vols. London: Newb.

*Lynton Grange*. One vol. By John R. S. Harington. London: Pitman.

*The Romance of Mary Constant*. One vol. London: Saunders & Otley.

\* *Arne: a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life*. By Bjørnstjerne Björnson. London: Strahan.



out a new line in his next novel, and not run the risk of being charged with condemnable iteration.

The hero of "Kissing the Rod" is a city magnate, who falls in love with a Belgravian beauty. We cannot say that Mr. Yates has been happy in Robert Streightly's character, for it is neither interesting nor probable. He is described as being the head of one of the chief bill-broking establishments in the city: a man whose "business intellect" is of astounding keenness,—who sees his way at a glance through all the mazes of commercial intrigue,—who is able to make up his mind in a moment upon affairs of the most vital importance,—whose brain never grows weary with work,—whose head never turns giddy under excitement, or in the face of danger; a man of the conquering class, fit to rule over his fellow-men, and make his way in life at the expense of others. Yet this very superior man of business, as soon as he falls in love, and, for the rest of his life, behaves in the most feeble and irresolute manner, never shows a symptom of anything like decision or ability, and altogether leaves scarcely any other impression on the mind than that he would have been a very nice young man for a very small evening entertainment. A misplaced affection often makes a man do foolish things; but it is not likely to turn a first-rate man of business into such a poor creature as Robert Streightly is represented to be. The moment he sees Miss Guyon, he falls so desperately in love with her that as soon as she disappears from his sight he rushes off to look at the outside of the house in which she lives; then betakes himself to the park to see her ride by, and afterwards goes to the opera for the first time in his life, actually having to hire a dress-coat for the purpose, in order to gaze on her there. The next morning he is unable to eat any breakfast, and his eyes show such an unnatural and unusual brightness as to alarm "the nurse of his childhood." It is very probable that the sight of a pretty face might have affected one of the clerks in Mr. Streightly's office in the manner described by our author; but it is difficult to believe that it could have so utterly unstrung the nerves of that astute bill-broker. However that may be, he is represented as being from that day utterly undone. He gives himself up to his passion for Miss Guyon, whose disreputable old father is only too glad to encourage so affluent a suitor. The young lady herself is very favourably disposed towards a Mr. Gordon Frere, who loves her very much, but thinks it due to propriety to make his proposal through the medium of her father. That improper parent does not say a word to her on the subject, but, after a consultation with Mr. Streightly, answers Mr. Frere's appeal in the negative, giving him to understand that Miss Guyon is a consenting party to the decision, and locks up in a private drawer a letter which Mr. Frere had intended him to give to her, and which, if it had reached her, would have at once decided the question in his favour. Before doing so, however, he endorses it with the words "Shown to R. S." Mr. Frere receives the notice of his rejection, and leaves England in despair, to the astonishment of Miss Guyon, who knows nothing about his proposal, and is led to believe that he has been trifling with her affections. Mr. Streightly then proposes, and is accepted, solely on account of his wealth. This he proceeds to lavish upon her, opening a private account for her at his banker's, purchasing everything for which she ever expresses the least desire, and doing all that a rich husband can do to make her care for him. For a time everything goes on smoothly enough, for, though she cannot bring herself to love him, she likes him well enough, and has nothing to complain of in his appearance, manners, or character; but at last her father dies suddenly, and on looking over the papers belonging to that disreputable relative, she discovers Gordon Frere's intercepted letter, with its fatal endorsement. She sees at once the trick which has been played upon her, and a bitter resentment against her husband instantly fills her heart. She determines never to see his face again, and, taking advantage of his temporary absence from home, she packs up a few things, and leaves the luxurious house he has provided for her. When Mr. Streightly returns, he finds her place vacant. The blow is a terrible one, and it is soon followed by another. In order to please his wife, he has spent so much money that for some time past he has been living beyond his income, and engaging in rash speculations in the hope of making up the difference. A panic occurs in the city at the very moment when his nerve is tried to the uttermost by his wife's singular conduct, and after a brief struggle he is obliged to confess himself a bankrupt. He retires to the modest home of his youth, and there recommences the battle of life, behaving with the most exemplary meekness and humility, and "kissing the rod" in a manner worthy of the highest praise. Gradually his health breaks down, and it is evident that he is not likely to last long, unless he can regain the wife whom he still adores. At length, a devoted friend of his discovers her hiding-place, and makes an affecting appeal to her feelings. She relents as soon as she hears of his troubles, of which no news had ever reached her, and sends a loving message to say that she is coming back to him to be all that he could wish. And in due time she comes, but only to find that all his troubles are past for ever. The conclusion of the story is undoubtedly pathetic; but as a whole it wants reality. An air of feebleness also hangs about it from first to last, and scarcely any of the characters are natural. Mr. Thacker, the Hebrew money-lender, is perhaps the best; but even he is by no means of first-rate excellence. Mr. Yeldham, the barrister, with whom some pains seem to have been taken, is a very unreal lawyer, and his friend, Mr. Gordon Frere, is equally wanting in vitality. Success appears to have made Mr. Yates careless; we trust, however, that it is not too late for him to retrieve the ground he has lost, and to give us in his next story a

work that will maintain the reputation he justly gained by "Broken to Harness."

"Lionel Merval," we believe, is a first book, and, if the author is not too proud to take advice, he may write something worth reading yet. But his present work is far too incomprehensible to afford satisfaction to ordinary minds. He seems to have been undergoing a course of Jean Paul, and to have come away from it in the dreamy state which too much Richter is apt to produce. There is much that is clever in the book, and some of the passages are not devoid of humour; but most of its chapters are almost unintelligible in their raptures and philosophic outpourings of the soul, and the bewildered reader will be likely to lose sight of the thread of the story long before he reaches its termination. These, however, are faults which very probably time and experience will amend.

In "King's Baynard" Mrs. Gifford has given us a very pleasant and readable story. It is interesting without being over-exciting; its tone is satisfactory, and it is told in a good and easy style. It is a story of society written by one to whom good society is familiar, and whose pictures of English gentlemen and gentlewomen may be accepted as genuine portraits. The hero is a little too excellent, as heroes drawn by a lady's pencil are apt to be, and the villains are somewhat hard in outline and crude in colouring; but the heroines are very pleasant. One little sketch, that of Miss Town-Eden, is especially charming. Altogether, the book may be cordially recommended.

The story of the "Troubled Stream" is that of a young lady who is brought up in the expectation of being the heiress of a disagreeable uncle's wealth, but who finds herself, on the death of that relative, cast upon the world with nothing to depend on but a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the companionship of an unpleasant old governess. Before the catastrophe occurs, she breaks off an excellent match provided for her by her uncle, quarrelling, in a fit of jealousy, with an irreproachable specimen of a hero whom she loves immensely. He disappears early in the first volume, and does not return till the third has nearly finished. All then goes well, but in the interval the lady has been punished for her folly by having to undergo a series of those mishaps which wait upon straitened means, and which are minutely described by Miss Hardcastle. The dreary life led by the heroine, first in an out-of-the-way village, far removed from civilization, and boasting of no merit except the cheapness of its eggs, then in an uncomfortable watering place, and finally in the capacity of companion to an unsympathetic lady, is depicted with much feeling, and not without skill.

"Lynton Grange" has, at least, one merit—for it is in one volume. Mr. Harington has indulged in a great deal of fine writing, especially on those occasions when the heroine's "frail, human spirit wrestled in the gloom of its Gethsemane," and, "through muttering doubts and whispering fears, her soul uttered its passionate cries of love, and through ghastly warning shades stretched its yearning embracing arms;" and when the squire, in whose house she fills the post of nursery-governess, after having been murdered, "lay, still in death, through long hours. The wind sighed more mournfully; the trees shivered, as though their wood crept with fear like the flesh of living men. An owl hooted dismally, but seemed afraid to begin so soon its unclean feast. A snail crept near, but drew in its horns as it touched the clotted blood upon the grass. A worm coiled itself round the finger of the dead man, but knew that its time had not yet come, and slipped off again." The touch about the owl especially deserves attention. The author possesses, also, a comic vein, and works it with great satisfaction to himself, decorating his characters with suggestive surnames, as in the case of Mr. Huptosnuph, the great detective, and beguiling the reader's time with remarks of the most facetious character.

But little strength is exhibited in "The Romance of Mary Constant," yet it is pleasantly written, and is worthy of the attention of young lady readers. It contains the story of a French courtship and marriage, and affords, therefore, a change from the ordinary routine of love-making in novels. The writer is very enthusiastic on the subject of true love, and makes it triumph over all obstacles in her romance, which, in spite of its constitutional weakness, may be expected to maintain its existence for a time on the strength of its freshness and good feeling.

#### BUXTORF'S LEXICON.\*

THE best Talmudic Lexicon, Buxtorf's, was published in 1639, and is at last going into a new edition. The work is rare, and two important classes of students require it. To the Talmudist it is absolutely necessary; to the Semitic scholar it is of great value. Both will find the new edition not merely a more handy book of reference than its predecessor, but one enriched with considerable additions. Of both the body of the work and the notes we may say something. The former is too well known for its scholarship to require criticism—scholarship that has well withstood the wear of the two centuries that have passed since the work appeared; but it suggests some other points of interest, from its bearing on matters distinct from lexicography.

In turning over Buxtorf's pages, one is immediately struck by the Semitic air of the book. The explanations are all authoritative,

\* *Johannis Buxtorfii Lexicon, Chaldaicum, Talmudicum, et Rabbinicum. Denuo editum et annotatis auctum a Dr. Fischer et Dr. Gelbe. Fasciculus I. London: Asher.*



being taken from Rabbinical writers, and their phraseology is, of course, marked by the peculiarities of the race. The work reads like an abridgement of the great Arabic Lexicons, the *Kāmoos* and the *Sihāh*, with this difference, that in the former the interpretation of the Law evidently occupied almost the whole time and thought of the learned men who are cited, while in the latter there is as much about the Pagan as the Moslem Arabs. There are, however, peculiar traces of popular superstitions and stories which, though attached to Biblical history, had no origin in it. For instance, it is interesting to trace, if not the origin, at least an earlier form than any known to us, of the curious story of Mohammed's coffin. Buxtorf quotes from the Gemara, that a loadstone suspended the sin of Jeroboam, and fixed it between heaven and earth, but which of the calves this was is not stated. The antiquity of the fox's reputation for persuasive speech, here, as in the "Thousand and One Nights," illustrated by proverbial sentences, is seen in the Talmudic passage, which states that, at the meeting of Jacob and Esau, the fox offered to Jacob to pacify his brother, knowing three hundred parables. The historical references are less satisfactory, wearing too legendary an air. For instance, the Stone of Wanderers is described as a great stone set up at Jerusalem, to which the finder of anything, as well as the loser, resorted and described both the thing found and that lost. We fear even Er-Reiyād, the Wahhābee capital, does not enjoy so strict a system of morality in the recovery of lost property.

There are some curious illustrations of Scripture. The rending of clothes by any one who heard blasphemy, though evidently common, was prescribed by the Rabbins, and this may explain the action of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, which would have been far less understood by the heathen than their disclaiming the character of divinities. Very characteristic of the minute observances of the Rabbins are the directions as to how and when it is allowable to mend clothes that have been rent. If this has been done on account of blasphemy, they must never be sewn together; if for a near relation, they may be roughly sewn after seven days, and accurately after thirty; but it is held by some that they may only, in the case of the loss of father or mother, be roughly sewn after thirty days, but never thoroughly mended. A more precise illustration is found in the use of the term "father" for the highest grade of Jewish doctors, explaining, as Buxtorf remarks, our Lord's prohibition, "And call no [man] your father upon the earth" (Matt. xxiii. 9).

But we now turn to the editorial part of the work. In the first place, we must acknowledge that the title-page disappoints us in its admission of the truth of the current opinion, that no one but a Jew can be a thorough Hebrew scholar. The work is edited by Dr. Fischer, "theologo Hebræo," and Dr. Gelbe, "theologo Christiano." No doubt such a combination may be of service in many instances; but it looks in this case like a concession to the idea, which has a strong hold on the public mind, that the Talmudic literature is inaccessible to Gentile students—an idea which the very name of Buxtorf, not to mention that of Lightfoot, ought at once to refute. With respect to the method of the work, we are not sure that it was wise to leave Buxtorf's Lexicon untouched, putting in foot-notes all additions, including, of course, words omitted by him. This is certainly very respectful to his memory; but it is at the same time sufficiently inconvenient to the practical student, and the same end might have been secured by the simple use of square brackets. The latter method would, moreover, have secured a far more thorough recasting of the Lexicon than has been attempted. We should not then have had to look to the foot of the page for additional words and senses, or explanations. The scholarship of the editors does not seem to us sufficient for the enterprise they have undertaken. For instance, they write, "Thurab, i. e., terra unde Jathrib [the old name of El-Medeenah] quia mœnia et aggeres ex humo habet;" whereas, the Arabic word for dust or earth is turāb, with "t," which cannot be connected with Yethrib, with "th," a wholly independent letter. Anabīs for Anubīs may be a misprint; but what can be said for this derivation,—"אִישׁ כְּלָבִי" (Ἀσ-κλήπιος, apud Phœnices)? when the editors, had they consulted Levy's Vocabularium, or the well-known works of Gesenius and others, or indeed read any essay on Phœnician inscriptions, would have known that the Phœnician name of Asclepius was Esmun. Not less singular is the derivation of "Ἡφαίστος, Dorice 'Αφαιστός," from "אב-אשתא, i. e., pater s. inventor ignis." The entire unacquaintance with the progress of philology which is shown in the citation of the Doric form, as if η were not as easily interchangeable as α with κ, and the proposal, as even possible, of an etymology dependent upon mere agreement with sound, is enough to condemn the editorial part of the work as behind the age. While, therefore, we are glad to have a new edition of Buxtorf's work, we regret that we cannot look upon it as really brought down to the present state of knowledge, so as to be the Rabbinical Lexicon which the learned world requires.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Gilderoy, a Scottish Tradition.* By Robert S. Fittis. (Routledge & Sons.)—Surely "Robert S. Fittis" must be a name that has been assumed by Mr. William Harrison Ainsworth; for no other man living, we verily believe, could have written this tale. It has the true Ainsworthian ring—the genuine Harrisonian tone. Here are all the dear old characteristics that we have smiled and wondered over, any time for the last five-and-thirty years, or thereabouts, in the novels of the author of "Guy Fawkes." The marvellous union of fictitious history

and historical fiction—the melodramatic situations, the picturesque accessories, the wooden and stilted dialogue, the injured maidens, the frowning villains, the dauntless young heroes—above all, the elaborate descriptions of costume—all are genuine, unapproachable Ainsworth. Whose pen but his could give such a bit as the following?—"Hah! my blooming Marion! Come hither, thou wild flower of the moor! This lady whom I have brought, you must wait upon dutifully. Why, you look pale—you tremble." Or from whom but the chronicler of the mysteries of the Tower of London, and of Windsor Castle, could we expect such a description as this?—"He was arrayed in a blue silk doublet, slashed with white and orange; tartan pantaloons, or *trews*, as they are called in the Gaelic vernacular; and a pair of close-fitting brogues of tanned leather, tied at the instep with thongs. A steel casque, from which some knightly crest had been hewn by a hostile brand, defended his head," &c. Or as this?—"She was attired in a light satin habit, with a necklace of Scotch pearls about her swan-like, ivory neck." Here, too, is a bit of a soliloquy, in the natural and easy style of the author to whom—in spite of the name on the title-page—we must continue to ascribe this story:—"How light the heart, how buoyant the step, how sweet the slumbers, how gladsome the awakening of the boy, when the morning sunlight flashes in upon his little pallet, whether *that pallet* be spread in a princely palace or a peasant's cot! I once knew such a time, though my lot was humble and my name obscure. Oh! those blissful years of innocence and peace, when the song of the lark, fluttering high above the breezy meadows of spring, inspired me with deeper rapture than ever I have felt when the hoarse blast of the war-trumpet pealed the note of victory over a field heaped with the dying and the dead." It must be Ainsworth! or Scotland can at length boast an Ainsworth of her own.

*Journal of the Transactions of the Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain.* Vol. I., No. 1, 1866. (Hardwicke.)—The Victoria Institute is a Society established rather more than a year ago, in order "to investigate fully and impartially" (to quote the terms of the prospectus) "the most important questions of Philosophy and Science, but more especially those that bear upon the great truths revealed in Holy Scripture, with the view of defending those truths against the oppositions of Science, falsely so called." The Society is now in working order, and this is the first number of their "Transactions." It commences with a reprint of a pamphlet, called "*Scientia Scientiarum*," written by a member of the body, and reviewed by us at the time of its first appearance, in our issue of November 18th, 1865. The rest of the number consists of the official papers of the Association, reports of meetings, &c., and a lecture by Mr. George Warrington, on "The Existing Relations between Scripture and Science," read at the first ordinary meeting, together with the discussion which thereupon ensued. The "Transactions" of the Society are likely to prove very interesting to all who have given any attention to the great controversies of the day on science and religion.

*Karl-of-the-Locket, and his Three Wishes.* By David Smith. (Edinburgh: Nimmo.)—This is a story with an old moral cleverly dressed. There is an ability and a neatness in the writing which will please a more mature audience than that which the author directly addresses. Mr. Smith shares the taste of his brother, Mr. Alexander Smith, for polished simplicity in style. The following extract from a piece of incidental verse in the book would grace a far more pretentious volume:—

"The lark sings high o'er his dewy bed;  
Fairly the morn broadens over the lea;  
Cold on the mountain the far gleam is shed;  
But warm on the cottage the sunshine is spread,  
When the baby crows to the morning red,  
And the brook sings along to the sea."

*What are the Legal and Advisable Ornaments of the Church of England?* By Walter Rye, Member of the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society. (Rivingtons.)—Mr. Rye's object in writing this pamphlet is to clear away the misconceptions which exist in the public mind as to the amount of ornamentation allowable in the services of the Church of England. He takes for his groundwork the Judgment of the Privy Council in *Liddell and Others v. Westerton*, and *Liddell and Others v. Beal*, together with other documents of an antiquarian character. The tone of the treatise is rather High Church, but not extravagantly so, for the writer disapproves of what he calls "unnecessary, if not grotesque," imitations of the Roman ritual.

*Facts and Figures Relative to Submarine Telegraphy, as a Branch of Commercial Enterprise.* By John Macintosh, C.E. (Stanford.)—Mr. Macintosh has invented a compound of india-rubber and paraffin, for use as an insulator for telegraphic wires employed on submarine routes; and he alleges that its conductive resistance is much greater than that of the insulator now used, that it gives double the rate of speed in signalling, and that it is far cheaper. The question is one which we must leave in the hands of the engineers, contenting ourselves with calling attention to the pamphlet.

*Elements of French Grammar.* By Victor Richon, B.A., of the University of Paris. (Edinburgh: Seton & Mackenzie.)—*Manuel de Littérature Française, à l'Usage des Écoles, &c.* Par Victor Richon. (Same Publishers.)—*Select Tales for the Use of Colleges and Schools, and for Self-Instruction: a Short and Easy Method of Learning the French Language.* By Edward A. Oppen. (Asher & Co.)—These are useful works in the study of French. The first is in its second edition, and all are capable of rendering assistance to the inquirer.

We have also received *Grey's Court*, edited by Lady Chatterton, being one of Messrs. Smith & Elder's "Monthly Volumes of Standard Authors;"—*On Epidemic Diarrhoea and Cholera, their Nature and Treatment*, by George Johnson, M.D., Lond. (Hardwicke)—a reprint of certain articles on the subject, favouring the purgative treatment;—*The Curriculum of Modern Education, and the Respective Claims of Classics and Science to be Represented in it Considered*, being the substance of two lectures delivered at the Monthly Evening Meetings of the College of Preceptors, April 11th and May 9th, 1866, by Joseph



Payne, Fellow, &c. (Virtue, Brothers, & Co.);—*The Reformers' Reform Bill; being a Proposed New and Complete Code of Electoral Law for the United Kingdom*, by Montague R. Leveson (Trübner & Co.);—and the August Nos. of *Nature and Art*, *Our Own Fireside*, the *Monthly Packet of Evening Readings*, and the *Colonial Church Chronicle*, *Missionary Journal*, and *Foreign Ecclesiastical Reporter*.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHARLES READE'S new novel, "Griffith Gaunt," is condemned in the strongest possible manner in some of the American papers. The novel in question is now being reprinted in the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but the "leading literary journal of New York," as it is styled, thus speaks of it:—"It is not too much to say that 'Griffith Gaunt' is one of the worst novels that has appeared during this generation—the worst, perhaps, that has ever been produced by the pen of any writer of position. The novels of the day have been tending more and more toward the delineation of adultery, and bigamy, and seduction, and nameless social crimes; but most of them have preserved at least the appearance of reprehending vice. . . . The publishers have no right to use their Magazine to insult young girls and virtuous women by thrusting upon them what no modest woman can read without a blush. It is an unpardonable insult to public morality for publishers of long standing to promulgate a novel which we understand was declined by some of the lowest sensational weekly papers of New York on the ground that they did not dare undertake its publication." Such are the sentiments of the *New York Round Table*, and it concludes its article by hoping that "such gentlemen" as Professors Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, Dr. Holmes, and Messrs. Emerson and Whittier, who contribute to the Magazine, will "not lend their countenance to the diffusion of such literature."

We alluded last week to a singular set of books being issued in Belgium under the title of "The Exiles' Library." We have just heard that two of the "Exiles" have been handled pretty severely by the very Government which they thought would protect them in their political lampoons and libels. For writing "Le Mariage d'une Espagnole" and "La Femme de César," MM. Casinier and Rozes, the "exiles" in question, have been sentenced by the Brussels authorities to eighteen months' imprisonment and a fine of 1,000 francs each. The works, as may be conjectured, were shameful attacks upon the character of the French Empress.

The new shilling Magazine, the *Belgravia*, under the direction of Miss Braddon, is to appear in October with the opening of the London publishing season. It is to be illustrated in superior style, and it is said "will aim to be of the highest character as regards the matter and manner of its articles. It will be written in good English, and in its pages papers of sterling merit will only appear." Amongst the writers who have promised to contribute are Charles Reade, and his nephew Winwood Reade, who is preparing an article on African discovery; Walter Thornbury, Percy Fitzgerald, R. W. Buchanan the poet, Mortimer Collins, probably Anthony Trollope or Whyte Melville, and Mr. George Augustus Sala, who promises to continue his series of articles entitled "Streets of the World." Miss Braddon's new tale will receive the title of "Birds of Prey."

Vambéry, the Eastern traveller, is to be confuted by an old MS. Itinerary, which has recently been secured by the St. Petersburg Imperial Library. It may be remembered that, after Vambéry's assertion that he was the first European who had reached Samarcand since the visit of Marco Polo, several learned persons in St. Petersburg denied the statement, and offered to prove from the old records in German of a George Louis von —, who travelled in Turkestan and passed on to Samarcand, that he had performed the journey generations before Vambéry was born or thought of. The surname of the traveller is not legible on the original MS., but M. de Khanikoff, a learned scholar, is now busily engaged preparing the Itinerary for publication in Paris. The original consists of forty folio pages, and the Itinerary marked thereon goes from Cashmere to Sarasan across the Kirgis steppes by Kasebgar Boior to the famous ice-plateau of Pamir, and thence to the desert land north of Syr Daria.

In view of a very full discussion that is expected to take place during the next Parliamentary session concerning our parks, commons, and waste lands, the Government, we understand, has commissioned an antiquary to search our ancient literature and records for material relating to the subject, for the purpose of compiling therefrom a work that will throw light upon the history, customs, and legal rights of these disputed places. A work upon the "History of Old English Deer Parks" will, we believe, shortly appear from the pen of a literary M.P., who retired from Parliamentary life at the last general election.

Of "What is the Mystery? a Novel," lately issued by a New York firm of the name of Hilton, as the "latest production of Miss M. E. Braddon"—a statement which that lady denies in the strongest possible terms—our last advices from America inform us that "over 10,000 copies have been sold within ten days!"

A report is in circulation which it is hard to credit, to the effect that the Austrians are destroying all the libraries and objects of art and interest as they retire from Venetia.

"Match-Shooting with the Enfield Rifle, by a Man of Many Ways," is the title of a small work which has just been published simultaneously in London and at Newcastle-under-Lyne. As it relates to a subject dear to those amateur regulars who recently encamped at Wimbledon, it will probably receive all the attention that it deserves.

Mr. Stubbs, who succeeded the late Dr. Maitland to the post of keeper of the library at Lambeth Palace, will be appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at the University of Oxford.

The decease of the Rev. Dr. Neale, a prominent member of the High Church party, and warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, is announced. He was born in 1817; and amongst the works of which he was the author we may mention, "Ayton Priory," "Sheperton Manor," and "Agnes de Tracey," all High Church novels; for children he wrote, "Church History," "Histories of Greece" and "Portugal," "Stories of the Crusades," and of the "Heathen Mythology,"

and "Tales of Christian Heroism." His most scholarly work, and the one that has made his name best known in foreign countries, is the "History of the Eastern Church, of the Patriarchate of Alexandria, and of the Jansenist Church of Holland." It may be remembered that, some years ago, Dr. Neale edited an expurgated edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which was received with considerable disapprobation by the literary world, although it had been prepared expressly for circulation amongst the children of members of the High Church. Lord Macaulay is said to have written the condemnatory criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*. Dr. Neale's adaptations of old English Church music are well known to all sections of the English Protestant Church, and for his admirable translations of the old Latin hymns, "Jerusalem the Golden," "Brief Life is Here our Portion," and many others, he will long be remembered by all interested in our national Church music.

The State Library of Tennessee has recently become possessed of some curious relics of a pigmy race. In recent explorations for oil, conducted by General Milroy, several remarkable graves were disclosed by the washing of a small creek in its passage through a low bottom. The graves were about eighteen inches in length, and were formed by an excavation about fifteen inches beneath the surface, in which were placed four undressed slabs of stone: one in the bottom of the pit, one on each side, and one on the top—similar to the ancient rock graves discovered in the Scottish barrows. Human skeletons, some with nearly an entire skull, and many with well-defined bones, were found in them. The teeth were very diminutive, but evidently those of an adult. Earthen crocks were lying with the skeletons. General Milroy could find nothing respecting these Liliputian graves in conversation with the people in the vicinity, except that there were a large number of similar graves near Statesville, in the same county, and also at the mouth of Stone's River, near the city of Nashville. Some thirty-two years since, a partial exploration was made, but the interest taken in such matters then was small to what it is in these days of Ethnological inquiry.

The library of one of the editors of the *Percy Society* has just been sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Co. Mr. J. H. Dixon, recently deceased, had for many years made our old popular literature, prose and verse, his study, and the library which he had collected contained many curious and important books, illustrative of the Elizabethan age. For many years, we believe, Mr. Dixon resided in Florence.

The Messrs. RIVINGTON announce that they have in preparation a new series of "Classical Authors," edited by members of both Universities. The best texts will be given, also a brief English Commentary, and, instead of long quotations from other editions, references will be made to points of interest therein, thus leaving room for the elucidation of the text itself. Several gentlemen of literary distinction have agreed to edit the volumes, and the first issue is to take place during the autumn.

Further acts of munificence on the part of the Anglo-American banker, George Peabody, reach us from across the Atlantic, where Mr. Peabody is at present staying with his relatives. It is said that a further sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be bestowed upon Harvard, Amhurst, and William's Colleges, of Massachusetts, and the sum of one million dollars will be given to the corporation of Boston for homes for the poor—similar to the magnificent endowment made by Mr. Peabody in favour of the poorer classes of London.

The Publishing and Printing Company, Messrs. Day & Son, announce a long series of important works, including a novel. Amongst them are "Peaks and Valleys of the Alps," by Elijah Walton, with Descriptive Text by T. G. Bonny, a series of twenty-one chromo-lithographic facsimiles of water-colour drawings, with text, in portfolio; "Glaciers of New Zealand," a Series of Twelve Water-colour drawings, by M. J. Gully; "Busy Bees, a Characteristic Representation of the Whims and Fancies of the Infant Mind," by George Roberts, with Twelve Illustrations in Chromo-lithography, by Cordelia Walker; "The City and the Camp," a Novel, by W. H. Russell, Esq.; "Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Japanese," by Lieutenant J. M. W. Silver, Illustrated; "The Game Birds and Wild Flowers of Sweden and Norway, together with some account of the Fauna of the Coast of these Countries," by L. Lloyd, author of "Field Sports of the North of Europe," with Two Illustrations in Colour, &c.; "The Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS., Illustrated by J. O. Westwood," the entire edition limited to 200 copies, and the stones to be destroyed; "A History of the Art of Printing, as applied to Books, and of the successive methods used for recording events previous to the Invention of Printing," by H. Noel Humphreys, author of a "History of Writing," illustrated by a Copious Series of Photo-lithographic Facsimiles, with Illustrated Plates; "Plant Forms for Ornamental Designers and Illuminators, Drawn from Nature," by Frederick E. Holme, &c.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co., have in the press—"Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian," by William Edwards, Esq.; also a second edition, rewritten and enlarged, with illustrations, of "The Sporting Rifle and its Projectiles," by Lieut. James Forsyth, of the Bengal Staff Corps.

Mr. TWEEDIE has in the press for early publication a work on the "Choosing, Tempering, Hardening, Annealing, and General Management of Steel in its various Applications," by George Ede, of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich.

Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. have in preparation—"Lois Weedon Lectures on the Altar and the Cross, being a Narrative of the Atonement, from Genesis to Revelation," by S. Smith, M.A., vicar of Lois Weedon and rural dean, author of "The Temple and the Sepulchre," &c.; "The Grammatical Spelling-Book," by Harry Combes and Edwin Hines; and "First Lessons in Reading," a series of illustrated reading sheets, printed in bold type, and carefully graduated on the plan of the Primer and First Standard of the Grade Lesson-books, for the use of infants in schools and nurseries, by E. T. Stevens and Charles Hole, head-master, Loughborough Collegiate School, forming two of Stevens and Hole's series.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

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 Harris (J. P.), Etymological Class Book. Fcap., 2s.  
 Intellectual Observer. Vol. IX. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 John Heppel; or, Just one Glass. Fcap., 1s.  
 Journal (The) of a Writing Gentlewoman, by B. A. Jourdan. Cr. 8vo., 8s.  
 Judah's Lion, by Charlotte Elizabeth. New edit. Fcap., 5s.  
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 Lords and Ladies, by Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids." 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Marcy (Col. R. B.), Thirty Years of Army Life. 8vo., 12s.  
 Meadows (F. C.), French Grammar. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
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